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SIXPENCE.
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HER LADYSHIP.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Books on etiquette are usually hailed as subjects for easy mirth. An American gentleman named McAlister once wrote a manual of New York society, which useful work was greeted with chuckles on both sides of the Atlantic. All the facetious leader-writers fell upon poor McAlister (who has since died, probably of chagrin), and made columns of fun out of his disinterested culture. If so earnest a student of manners, so precise an interpreter of the customs of a distinguished corporation, could be treated like this—done to death, I may say, by riotous satire—it is evident that etiquette, though it may be practised with success, and even glory, is an extremely dangerous science for the purposes of exposition. This makes the performance of Mrs. Humphry ("Madge," of *Truth*) all the more remarkable, for "Manners for Men," which Mr. James Bowden has published, is written with so much humour and good sense that a ticklish theme is robbed of all its farcical aspect, and presented to us with a convincing authority which ought to make this little volume a fundamental treatise, like Aristotle's "Poetics" or Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations."

What I chiefly admire is the skill with which Mrs. Humphry enforces the truth that etiquette is broad based upon the canons of respectability, without exciting the primitive male impulse to revolt against a fetish. This disturbing element is met by an appeal to the chivalry of man. He may plead tradition, sanctioned by romance and song, for entreating his charmer to meet him by moonlight alone. Mrs. Humphry does not stretch convention so far as to forbid that. Such a ban would set society at war with novels, plays, and the melodious sentiment of ballad concerts. True, this book discourages "seaside flirtations," though Mrs. Humphry must admit that, when the moon is particularly seductive at Brighton or Scarborough, the bonds of etiquette may be no better than wax. In such a case, the moon, a great matchmaker, is too apt to say, "Emmeline, this is Augustus, a most eligible young man. Augustus, this is Emmeline, quite the most charming girl you have ever seen. Now, my dears, you are properly introduced. *Aimez-vous bien!*" All the social regulations, all the "form" that ever was invented, cannot make effective provision against this contingency. I do not defend the behaviour of Diana, who is sometimes deplorably indifferent to her classical reputation; but who can hope to dissipate the influence of a capricious planet by any text-book, however judicious?

This, however, is not the hard case which Mrs. Humphry has in mind. She pictures the temptation of a man who is invited to meet an ardent, thoughtless maiden at a tea-shop. What should he do? His fatal charm has ensnared an erring fancy. (I put it this way with some diffidence, because the experience is not one of my limited privileges.) Shall he write to the lady kindly but firmly, and dissuade her from the assignation of aerated bread? No; that would wound her pride too deeply. Besides, there may not be time to waive the appointment; so, rather than leave her to sit desolately in the tea-shop, he must present to her liquid glance an image of gentle but uncompromising duty. This is very well; it touches a chivalrous chord in a manly bosom; but does Mrs. Humphry know the tea-shops of this Metropolis? I strayed into one the other afternoon, attracted by the sound of music; and there I found men and maidens eating crumpets to the strains of the mandoline. This is not an instrument which charms the cold, unamatory ear; but, on this occasion, I fear, it was turning buttered toast to the food of love. Think of the image of duty exposed to the assaults of melting eyes, aided and abetted by those unscrupulous strings! Even a phlegmatic observer like myself was not unaffected, while nymphs in white tea-gowns wandered to and fro with dainty trays, and the mandoline went on making flagrant suggestions of Olympian dalliance! Really, I can see no safeguard for chivalrous resolutions in such a peril except the violent intervention of parents and guardians. A celebrated tea-meeting was broken up by a statesman who—

Hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins,
And the fragrance of the Congo upon Shannon shore.

If the parents and guardians would organise a watch to make a round of the tea-shops every afternoon, a much more dangerous fragrance might be nipped, so to speak, in the bud!

If the tea-shops will not always conform to etiquette, what are we to say to the *camaraderie* of the bicycle? On this grave topic

Mrs. Humphry touches very lightly; but I cannot help thinking of the most agreeable incident in Mr. Le Gallienne's "Quest of the Golden Girl." The pilgrim finds a lady asleep by the roadside, and near at hand is a bicycle with a punctured tyre. Having bribed carters, tramps, and organ-grinders not to disturb her slumbers, he repairs the tyre, and makes this a pretext for engaging her confidence when she wakes. More than that, he takes charge of her private affairs, and eventually restores a peccant husband to her arms. Can this romantic Samaritanism be justified on Mrs. Humphry's principles? Is it lawful to pour oil and wine, figuratively speaking, into a punctured tyre for the benefit of a lady to whom no properly qualified person has given you an introduction? Perhaps this comes under the head of services which a man may legitimately render to bewitching strangers in distress; but the point is whether he may presume to go further, and recall equally strange husbands to their marital vows. The complication cannot be fitted to any stern convention, because, you see, the Samaritan may be tempted like the gentleman in the tea-shop, and may come to a bad end by deposing the husband in the fair cyclist's affections.

From these deep waters I am glad to pass into the shallows of deportment at dinner-parties. Mrs. Humphry handles the subject of conversation in those depressing ceremonies with great address. She shows the novice how he may avoid the weather, and launch into pictures and theatres, what time he is remembering when to eat with his fork and when with his spoon. He is cautioned against talking about the viands, though, if he has a turn for original inquiry, he may long to solicit his companion's views on the proper management of asparagus. Mrs. Humphry, ever alert for difficulties, remarks that, when the asparagus is limp and serpentine, it should be eaten with a fork; but this seems to me a spiritless device. I should like to see the dexterity of the whole table applied to the gymnastics of this fascinating vegetable. Eating asparagus might become a sort of dining-room game; prizes might be offered for the grace and facility of manœuvring the sinuous dainty 'twixt taper fingers and rosy lips; and thus one of the most serious obstacles to the preservation of beauty at meals would vanish. Think of the women who are tortured by a secret passion for asparagus, yet afraid to eat it lest their æsthetic delicacy should be revolted by the attitude which, in our present stage of development, is imposed by the operation! Don't talk to me of forks; they take away the flavour; fingers alone can do justice to the most delicious product of the vegetable kingdom. I do not despair of earning the gratitude of society by pressing this enterprise to a triumphant issue!

As for the etiquette of ball-rooms, I am reminded of an awful adventure of my youth. The mayor of the town where my adolescence bloomed gave a ball, the first public ball to which I had been invited. It was a momentous event, causing much agitation about garments, gloves, and other distracting details; but my virgin innocence of etiquette was wholly unprepared for the worst ordeal. At the head of the stairs stood a huge footman, and I noticed, with a shock, that the names of the guests were bawled by this functionary as they disappeared through a doorway. What happened to them on the other side after this salvo of announcement? Unluckily, when my turn came, there was a gap in the crowd, and I stood alone, paralysed before the footman, who asked me for my name several times. A half articulate sound was lost in my throat, and then this terrible Cerberus opened his mouth, and bellowed, "Mr. Horseshin!!" For an instant this outrage rooted me to the spot, and I was dimly conscious of several people a long way off rising from chairs and mechanically bowing. Moreover, they seemed to be bursting with stifled laughter. I cast one haggard look on Jeames, who remained perfectly composed, and then I fled across the room, without acknowledging the salutations which were still going on, like the nodding of mandarins on mantelpieces. A friend who followed me said I had insulted the mayor and mayoress, and blasted my prospects in life. Perhaps it was this that determined me not to enter upon a civic career.

I know of only one incident that parallels this disastrous breach of etiquette; but here the chief performer was perfectly unabashed. He was an elderly sportsman in a hunting county, and he went to a ball. Though he had never danced in his life, he started into a gallop with the prettiest girl in the room, and in a minute he and his partner were sprawling in the middle of the floor. Instead of rising and apologising for his clumsiness, he crawled away on all-fours, exclaiming "Nasty, dangerous beast!" Habit made him think that his horse had thrown him in the hunting-field!

THE ETHIOPIAN ON PARNASSOS.

A CHAT WITH PAUL DUNBAR.

When Homer sang how Father Zeus was wont to visit the "blameless Ethiopians," he may have intended to convey in a general term the favour shown by Heaven to the dusky race. He knew too little about them, however, to foresee that the Lyric Muse had good gifts in store for the sun-burned people, and that negro minstrelsy, after long lispings, would one day find a surer utterance. Great poetry it may never be theirs to attain, but to-day the negroes can claim a singer who has struck (in his dialect-poems, at least) a fresh and true note.

The personality of Paul Laurence Dunbar (writes a *Sketch* representative) is as interesting as his verses. One morning last week I had the pleasure of a chat with him about his life, his work, and his present visit to this country (in charge of Miss Edith Pond, daughter of Major J. B. Pond) as reciter and exponent of his own writings.

"You would like to know something of my early days?" Mr. Dunbar said, in his wonderfully mellow voice. "Well, there is little to tell. I lived just the ordinary life of a boy, and had the common chances and mischances of a boy at a common school. Dayton, Ohio, is my birthplace. My parents, of course, had been slaves, but I was born after the Emancipation. I was not brought up in absolute poverty, but just felt the pinch and knew that I must shift for myself."

"What drew you to poetry?"

"You might as well ask, How does a boy take the measles?"

Mr. Dunbar replied, with his very open smile.

"Ah! I see—poetry took hold of you, not you of it?"

"Precisely. — Before I was twelve I had written fragments and little attempts in prose, stories and the like. At twelve I produced what I may call my first finished work."

"And that was—?"

"An Easter Hymn. I had always been fond of reciting, and wanted something to recite for Easter. Failing to find anything to my taste, I just set to work and composed a hymn. Then piece followed piece, I can't tell how."

"Where did you first attempt publication?"

"In the school magazine. I was on the editorial staff, and was the first negro, by the way, to be engaged in that work. Afterwards, I was elected editor-in-chief."

"But you didn't rest content with that?"

"No; my work gradually found its way into well-known papers, among others, the *Chicago Record*, *Harper's*, the *New York Independent*."

"Did you keep to poetry alone?"

"No; I wrote stories and critical articles. In the *New York Journal* I dealt with negro literature."

"Did you pursue your studies after you left school?"

"Yes; while I was working as elevator-boy in one of the big office-buildings in Dayton, I had a two years' classical course with a private professor, and studied a fairly extensive range of authors. My reading included the whole of Virgil. I at length toured through the States as reader, and have done so, indeed, for the last four years, travelling West and South."

"Then you were known before you began to publish any of your books?"

"To some extent. My first book, 'Oak and Ivy,' a very small volume, was privately printed in 1893. My very dear friend, the late Frederick Douglass, used to read it aloud to groups of people at the World's Fair. His splendid presence will always remain one of my dearest memories."

"It was your second book, was it not, that brought you more prominently before the public?"

"Yes; it was, like the first, privately printed in the winter of 1895-6. I called it 'Majors and Minors'—the 'Majors' being the pieces in literary English, the 'Minors' those in negro or American dialect, for I have examples of both."

"Mr. Howells noticed your book, I think?"

"Yes; it was sent to him by a friend of his, and he at once wrote an 'appreciation' of my work in *Harper's Weekly* for June 27, 1896. It

may interest you to know that the notice appeared just on my twenty-fourth birthday. I value Mr. Howells' kind criticism very highly, the more so that it was quite unsolicited. After that I received a great deal of correspondence, and was asked to contribute to various periodicals. Publishers also have approached me, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co., of New York, have just lately produced my third book, 'Poems of Lowly Life.'

"I think, Mr. Dunbar, you have three styles—the literary English, the American dialect, and the negro dialect. Mr. Howells and many others think you happiest in your negro pieces. Tell me, now, where does your own choice lie?"

"I must confess my fondest love is for the negro pieces; only, I hope, in future my publishers will not incline exclusively towards that portion of my work. These little songs of negro life, of negro music and dancing and gaiety, I sing because I must. It grows instinctively in me. I have heard so many fireside tales of that simple, jolly, tuneful life."

"Have you, bred in a town as you were, come much in contact with it?"

"Oh yes, down in the country districts of Kentucky I have seen it all."

Then, after a little persuasion, Mr. Dunbar consented to recite to me his poem, "When Malindy Sings," in which he sustains to the life the character of an old negro reasoning sweetly with his young mistress concerning her soulless performance on the piano. The ancient one begs Miss Lucy to note the true and only music which delights creation "when Malindy sings"—

Y' ought to hear dat gal a-wa'bling—
Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things
Heish dey moufs and hides dey faces
When Malindy sings.

When Mr. Dunbar comes before his English audience with this, it is safe to prophesy that he will earn many more of those "recalls" which have fallen so numerous to his lot on "the other side," from whence he came.

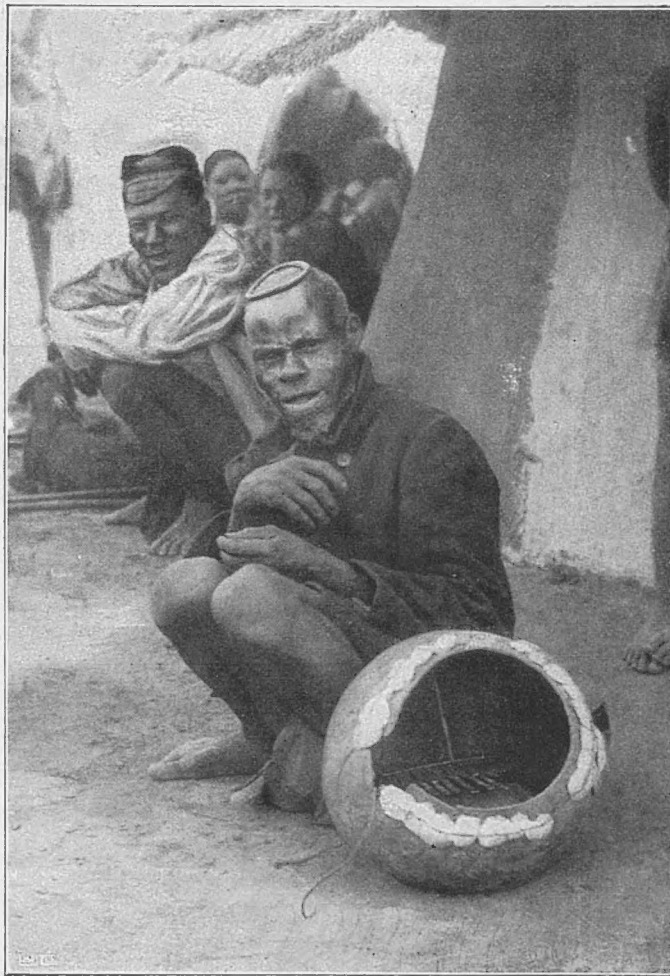
"I only fear," the poet modestly remarked as he concluded, "that my negro dialect-pieces may be difficult for my audience. However, I was very cordially received when I recited on board the steamer on my voyage across." And this has heartened him to the task he has now set himself.

Mr. Dunbar's little apprehension will soon clear itself. He comes here under the wing of Major Pond, the Great American lecture agent,



PAUL DUNBAR.

Photo by Wither, New York.



A. MATABELE MUSICIAN.

and that alone is a guarantee that there's "something in him." The poet's tour will be managed throughout by Miss Edith Pond, who can claim to have numbered among her recent successes that of acting as the advance agent for "Ian Maclaren's" tour. She also managed Mr. H. M. Stanley's American lectures.

ALAS, WE HAVE NO BYRON NOW!

Is Scandinavia to be our purveyor of sensations? It would seem so. At the present moment two sons of the Vikings are the most prominent figures in the European play—Dr. Nansen, with his happily ended Arctic drama, and King George of Greece, with his "Liberty for Crete," which may be tragedy or—as likely as not—unsatisfactory farce.

The first fine detonation of the Nansen boom has died down; the hero is gone a-lecturing. But George of Greece occupies the centre of the



THE MAID OF ATHENS.

From the Picture by Mr J. Wood

stage, the lime-light is full on him, and one hopes for a good old-fashioned drama before the curtain falls—Vice deposed and Virtue triumphant, in the "Grecian" manner. Looking at King George one recalls Byron's line—

These Greeks, indeed, were proper men (*The Curse of Minerva*), and alters the tense to the present. He is a "proper man," and all he wants is a worthy poet. There are no Byrons nowadays (Byron, by-the-by, was, if not a Scandinavian, at least a Northman, for he was half a Scot) to write the record of a nation's struggles in a ringing line and celebrate its ancient glories in a couplet. But is there any need? Did not Byron himself leave enough to make Greece something more than a mere æsthetic memory? Why, what could be more applicable at this moment than his translation of Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων—"Sons of the Greeks, arise!"?

Then, manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
And all your chains are broke.

His poems ring from end to end with "drum-taps" for the present struggle—

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she is awake!)
Awake, &c.

("On this day I complete my thirty-sixth birthday." Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824, not three months before his death.)

Or take these words of wisdom—

Trust not for Freedom to the Franks—
They have a king that buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Don Juan, Canto III.

It is to be hoped the last couplet is not sad prophecy. That famous interpolated poem in "Don Juan" is full of quotable and splendid things. What schoolboy does not know

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set. . . .

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might yet be free.

The poet's dream came true. Greece is free, and would have her neighbour of Crete free too. She sends men and ships to that end—

A King sate on the rocky brow
Which looks on sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day;

It will be sad if we have to ask—

And when the sun set, where were they?

May we not have to answer—

'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!

Nor this—

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?

The Giaour.

Before such an untoward pass Byron would like to hear the sound of battle—

. . . an echo dread and new;
You might have heard it on that day,
O'er Salamis and Megara;
(We have heard the hearers say)
Even unto Piræus' bay.

The Siege of Corinth.

And in that hour of battle, he would have the Greeks display the spirit of Myrrha in "Sardanapalus"—

Fear? I am a Greek, and how should I fear death?—

Myrrha, who was—

a Greek, and born a foe to monarchs—
A slave, and hating fetters.

Byron had that true patriotism which is of no country, the patriotism that allies itself with a "distressful" country. He loved Greece more for its existing sorrows than for its past glories. Not but he respected her olden splendour, for you may remember how he flayed Lord Elgin when that shrewd man raped Athens of her magnificent marbles—

Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,
A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.
Frown not on England; England owns him not;
Athena, no! thy plunderer was a Scot.

Minerva's Curse.

And again—

What, shall it e'er be said by British tongue
Albion was happy in Athena's tears?
Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears.

Childe Harold, Canto II.



THE MAID OF ATHENS.

From the Picture by Miss L. Sharp.

But, surely, enough has been written to show how this Northman loved warlike Greece. And it may as surely go without saying that public sympathy at the present day is of the same hearty character as was Byron's love for the Greece of seventy years ago.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

King Ferdinand of Vignolia was a monarch of a character well calculated to provoke a revolution in the shortest conceivable length of time. Concerning his concept of himself, and concerning himself too, no little can be learnt from the chorus that he wrote and composed for the Court—

Hail our King in regal splendour,
Lo his Majesty appears;
People's hope and faith's defender,
Old in wisdom, young in years.

Wheresoe'er he leads we follow,
Never shall his praise be done,
Mars, Minerva, young Apollo,
He is each and all in one.

Yet this "admirable Crichton"—in his own opinion—this "painter, playwright, poet," of infinitely great pretension and infinitely little accomplishment, fell in love with a peasant maid, Felice—at least, she was not a peasant maid, but both of them thought she was—and courted her and painted her portrait, posing the while as Oswé, the Court Painter. And when the picture was painted, he returned to his palace for his wedding with the Princess Chloris of Mapolio—a wedding commanded by ancient treaty. The Princess, on her way to Court, passed the cottage of Felice, and took a fancy to the girl, who gladly joined her train in the hope of seeing Oswé again.

Now, according to the custom of those days and lands, no picture or other image of royalty might be published, so Ferdinand and Chloris, who had never met, had no idea of the appearance of one another. Nor did Chloris care a fig about this, for, as she said—

Unfortunately, Ferdinand, a King of high degree,
Whose destined bride by law I am, is not the man for me.
No troth I'll plight to Ferdinand, I'll never wear his ring;
This heart has only room for one, and that one's not the King.

It was Max, Prince of Baluria, who occupied her heart, and luckily it chanced that he came to Vignolia almost as soon as Chloris and before she had met Ferdinand. The mission of Prince Max was not altogether pleasing. "Ferdy" had painted a picture which represented an ancient victory of the Vignolians over the Balurians, and, with woeful want of tact, sent it as a present to the King of Baluria, thinking that, in the centre gallery of the Balurian Royal Academy, it would have the advantage of an excellent North light. The King of Baluria did not see it in that light, and so sent his son to return it without thanks. Of course, Max and Chloris were in despair, seeing, at first, no means to prevent the hateful betrothal of the Princess; but at last he had a "happy thought"—stolen, of course, from Mr. Burnand. Felice and Chloris could exchange costumes and identities, and so the royal lovers might elope. No sooner said than done—allowing a reasonable time for the ladies to change their clothes.

Ferdinand, who had already met Felice in the picture gallery and passed himself off once more as Oswé, appeared with ruddy wig and beard—he had compelled all his Court to follow suit, hirsuit; I do not claim the joke. Nobody recognised anybody; "Ferdy" ignored the rustic sham Princess, and vainly sought Felice, whose eyes were but for the invisible Oswé. However, Max ended an awkward moment by producing the picture and his message. The King only saw an insult to his art—he anticipated the famous "L'Etat c'est moi" of Louis XIV., and accepted the insult as one to the nation, so he declared war on Baluria, and sent for his naval and military uniforms. He decided to retain the Princess and her suite, but postponed the betrothal, as unwelcome to him as to Chloris.

So a bloodless war raged, and every man was bellicose in some fashion, while the women wondered and waited—wondered, for Felice was not very confident about Oswé, who was supposed to be in the van. Listen to what she sang in the words of the ingenious Mr. Adrian Ross—

When a gallant soldier lover
From his lady-love must go,
In her dreams she seems to hover
O'er the field where he meets the foe.
By the bivouac bonfire blazing,
He thinks of his darling's eyes,
To his lips in rapture raising
Her latest cabinet size.
Ah me! Ah me!

And her lover the while in his masculine style
Has forgotten the girl left behind him;
In an easy undress, with some men of his mess,
At a party of poker you'll find him!
Or perhaps he'll be found where the cannons r sound
On the field of the cloth that is level,
And he's chalking his cue for a desperate scrow
That would baffle a Roberts the Devil!

Ere the parties came to blows the King of Mapolio appeared, lugubrious with "the trappings and the suits of woe." Since the disappearance of his eldest daughter, he, like the English monarch, "never smiled again," and he found it irksome, being of a merry character. He had an idea that his daughter still lived, and that Ferdinand could help him to find her. Now, it has already been stated that Felice was not really a peasant maiden, so you can easily guess that she was the long-lost daughter of Mapolio. Consequently, Ferdinand's

treaty obligation really was to marry her and not Chloris, and, since the war was easily settled, the course of true love ran smooth—for how long I do not know.

Madame Ilka Palmáy was a charming Felice, taking the part as a kind of Audrey, and acting with great zest; she sang Mackenzie's admirable music brilliantly. Miss Florence Perry was delightful as Chloris, and I wish her part were stronger. The success of Mr. Walter Passmore as Boodel, ex-Master of Revels at Vignolia, was immense and well deserved by his funny dancing, clever singing, and quaint acting. Mr. Charles Kenningham, the Max, sang well and played brightly, and useful work was done by Messrs. Billington, Jones Hewson, and Scott Russell. It is needless to speak of the quality of work by such an old favourite as Mr. George Grossmith, who took the part of Ferdinand, in which the malicious and disrespectful pretend to see a hit at that august and tactful person the German Emperor.

One of my colleagues writes: "Last week I did a thing I very rarely face—attended the performances of two amateur companies on two successive evenings to witness the same play, 'Sweet Lavender,' to wit! It is six years since I saw Mr. Pinero's charming play—which I have often wondered is not revived—both in the provinces and in town, but I seem to see Mr. Edward Terry and (in the provinces) the late Mr. T. W. Robertson—whom I preferred—as if they were standing before me now. On Friday a very good performance of it was given at the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater, by a company in which there were several names well known to the book world. Mr. Arthur Waugh undertook the part of Horace Bream—so admirably played by Mr. Fred Kerr—and made an exceedingly amusing picture of it, full of go and life. His wife was Ruth Rolt. Mr. Sidney Pawling, Mr. Heinemann's partner, figured rather stiffly in the small part of Mr. Maw, the solicitor, and Mrs. C. G. Compton made a charming Minnie Gilfillian. I never could bear the part of Dr. Delaney, the weakest character in the play, with his nonsensical and irritating catch-word, 'It's no business of moine'; but Mr. John Guppy made it as possible as it could be. Mr. Patrick Munro was Clement Hale, and Miss Winifred Heaton was the Lavender, though she hardly looked it. Finally, we got a very good Dick Phenyl in Mr. Sidney Paget, who lived through far more phases of the part than most amateurs could do. The house, which included Mr. Edmund Gosse, was delighted.

"Next evening I found myself in St. George's Hall, when the Old Tenisonians' Dramatic Club essayed the same task with far less success. The mounting was better, but the general effect was inferior. Mr. F. S. Arnold simply brought out the farcical element in Phenyl, marring many a passage by lack of emphasis. Miss Kate Arnold was very good as Lavender. Miss Cynthia Gridley made Mrs. Gilfillian really alive—how good Miss Maria Davis used to be in the part!—and Miss Edmeston was an indifferent Minnie. The Horace Bream of Mr. Kennaby was quite unreal: why should he call 'Hale' 'Hile'? Miss Amy Halliday, as Ruth Rolt, shared with Miss Gridley the honour of the best acting. The Dr. Delaney of Mr. Harry Bull was a sheer juvenile impossibility. Mr. Ogden, who reminds me of Mr. Edmund Payne, was Hale. Perhaps I am hypercritical, but I admire the play so much in its own level of Dickensian sentiment, and its original traditions are so strong in me, that I can't help noticing crudities, even though I will go and see amateurs in it. One has no other chance."

It was a capital idea to revive Ferdinand Paer's old opera, "Le Maître de Chapelle," which, despite its many years, is wonderfully young and fresh. The tale, so far as its main feature is concerned, must remind many a musician of mad moments. One sees the old composer Barnaba full of pride in his opera "Cleopatra"—a splendid subject for many years untouched—imagining to himself the evening of its birth in the immense, the terrible theatre of Milano, La Scala; and triumph—imaginary—comes to him, and boundless plaudits. There is a pretty strain of pathos underlying the broad fun. All of us, indeed, have those dream-moments of triumph over opera, novel, picture, drama, speech, or other brain offspring—happy those whose awakening is not disappointing. Very comic, too, is the duet between Barnaba and Gertrude the pretty cook, his reluctant singing-pupil forced to present Cleopatra. Signor Maggi, who has a valuable voice, sang excellently, and acted as ably as he sang. Miss Pauline Joran, who might easily have comic opera at her nimble feet if she chose, was charming as the cook.

I am pleased to see that Messrs. C. S. Goner and E. H. Allen have made public apology to Mr. Henry Sutton for the erroneous remarks they made with regard to his connection with the Alhambra. Under Mr. Sutton's directorship the dividends averaged twenty-five per cent. per annum, and that is a record of which any director may feel proud.

We have heard a great deal about the close sympathy existing between the Church and the Stage, but it has been left for a well-known American preacher to give up the pulpit in favour of the boards. It is only fair to say that the cleric in question, the Rev. Benjamin Trego, was an actor before he took Orders. What is more, he was a dramatist, and, appropriately enough, one of his works was entitled "The Minister's Drama." I shall not be at all astonished if the popularity of such plays as "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Daughters of Babylon" brings about a violent epidemic of stage-fever among the younger members of the British benefited clergy. More than one prominent actor has declared it to be his opinion that a good play can preach a more powerful sermon than was ever delivered in any pulpit.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30,
UNDER THE RED ROBE.

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"A CITY OF DESOLATION."

It was the first thought that came to me as I turned out of the dirty station. Look where I would, there was nothing to please the eye. A long, straggling street, bounded on one side by squat, low-roofed houses, and on the other by interminable, many-chimneyed factories, a few shops looking more or less bankrupt and decrepit, public-houses at every corner, gruesome and evil-smelling, and the monotonous thud of machinery. That was all. A veritable "City of Desolation," if anything ever was, the only redeeming feature of which was the river—invisible, indeed, but still there—silent and slow, and black as the Styx, but alive with the craft of every nation under the sun.

I tucked my wife under my arm, set my teeth, and began to explore my new territory. It was difficult to believe that one was in London, the London of Regent Street and Rotten Row, of Kensington and St. James's. The place was so utterly lifeless—at least, in the sense of "life" recognised by most civilised beings. The shops were all of one dreary kind, the houses of one dreary hue. Vehicular traffic there was practically none; and, barring the perennial hangers-on outside the "pubs," and the little children who gazed at us with open-mouthed astonishment, the street was as empty as a desert. As we stepped into the district which was to form my sphere of labour for some time to come, we received our first word of welcome. "That's 'andy," observed a pale-faced youth—referring to my wife; and his "doner" answered, with a chuckle, "'E wants 'is 'air cut"—referring to me. We smiled feebly, and passed on with as much dignity as we could summon.

Still the same dreary street, still the same dreary houses. Here and there a terrace loomed ghastly and grimy, every window diligently smashed, and the doors scribbled over with legends and adorned with drawings of an unprintable character. We were commenting on the silence and solitude when, on a sudden—how we could scarcely tell—the streets became alive with humanity. Throngs of men and girls were pouring forth from the factories. Then we had to run the gauntlet; but we were so stupefied at the instantaneous creation of this new race of beings that we gave little heed to the impolite remarks passed on us, curiosity overmastering every other sensation. There were girls of all sorts in that crowd, and men of every condition: fat and thin, old and young, bear-eyed and clear-eyed, shapeless and shapely. It was a strange sight. The eagerness of them, their haste, their joy at being again at liberty for a few hours, the coarse jocularity or scowling defiance of the men, the unrestrained mirth or hardly awakened interest of the girls, formed a picture impossible to forget. In the midst of my confusion, one thought was uppermost in my mind, and that was deep thankfulness that these, my brothers and sisters, were still able, as the French would say, "to amuse themselves," even though they did it at my expense. "Thank God!"—that was the thanksgiving in my heart—"thank God that they can still laugh!"

Half a mile farther on we reached the Coffee House, where a good work has been going on for some time past. Here, for twopence, you can get a mug of coffee, two big slices of bread-and-butter, and a big piece of cake. Needless to say, the Coffee House is largely patronised; but it was to the room close at hand that we bent our steps. We passed through a little, musty hall, the door of which was open, and groped up a wooden staircase. The noise we made did not fail to attract attention. A curtain was hastily drawn back, a flood of light fell upon us, a head carefully scaffolded with Hinde's curling-pins was thrust out, and a voice shouted, "Oh, I s'y, Miss W.! Do look at this!" "This" was my unhappy self. I must confess to being taken aback. However, there was no possibility of retreat—at least, with honour; so I made the best of a bad job, and stepped boldly into the room.

What a contrast to the outside! A bright fire roared in the grate, the gas was burning gaily, and the little room, fifteen feet by eight, perhaps—was still decorated with Christmas holly and mistletoe. Sitting close around the fire were a dozen girls of ages varying from fifteen to twenty, and, one and all, they were struck dumb with astonishment. A parson and a "lydy" with him! It was too much. What next? I shook hands with Miss W., and, after a few remarks of a complimentary kind, turned to the girls and asked them, for want of something better to say, *how they were*. That question, harmless and somewhat feeble as it was, broke the spell. One girl giggled, another followed suit; in less time than it takes to tell that little feminine company was convulsed with merriment. "Blest if I ever see such a thing!" exclaimed one young lady with a smiling baby, as she looked straight at me and shook with irrepressible mirth. "Blest if I ever did, neither!" observed another. A happy thought occurred to my wife. A piano stood in one corner; she inclined her head towards it, and I took the hint. There was a general shout of acclamation. "Oh, yus! Pl'y for us! Pl'y for us, sir!" I sat down resignedly, and I "pl'yed" for them. I "pl'yed" a waltz, a nigger breakdown, and a polka, and they danced. They danced well—better, infinitely better than I could have supposed possible; and it did one's heart good to see them. They stood opposite to one another, and did a kind of double-shuffle, called, as I understood, "the strikes"; and they whirled round to the tune of "See me dance the Polka." But it was the waltz that took them. One genial young woman proposed that we should occupy two rooms in her 'ouse.

I looked gratefully at my wife; the piano dodge had succeeded beyond expectation. "Good-night, sir! Good night, mum! Come and pl'y for us again." What music to our ears! As I bade Miss W. good-bye, I whispered, "Well, I've broken the ice." "Why, you've smashed it all up," was her laughing rejoinder. And so ended the first act of my ministry in the "City of Desolation."

X. WRAIGH.

THE GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY'S

CRICKET CLUB have the honour to announce that their Annual Smoking Concert will take place on Friday, March 5, at the Banqueting Room, St. James's Hall. A very high-class programme has been arranged, among those engaged to appear being Messrs. Richard Green, Herbert Linwood, R. B. Hopkins, Wallis Arthur, Will Edwards, Fred Russell, &c. Tickets can be obtained of the Secretary, W. Broughton Wilson, 112, Regent Street, W.

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The net-fishers on the Spey and the Deveron are a hardy and patient class of men, but last week they must well-nigh have been convinced that there is a limit to their endurance, physically and morally. Fighting cold and ice is not a very exhilarating pastime, unless you are within measurable distance of the North Pole, as Dr. Nansen was, when, of course, you think of the fame that awaits you. But when, in waging

cross-country races for ladies become the fashion. The "Ladies' Cup," arranged by the executive of the Calcutta Paper-chase Hunt Club, reached its fifth anniversary this year. It is open to horses the property of and regularly ridden by ladies, owners riding. In the race which came off on Jan. 5 last there were eight starters, and the winner was Mrs. Barrow on Belinda, who beat Miss King on Snapshot by two lengths after a capital finish. Mrs. Barrow has won the Calcutta Ladies' Cup three times now out of the five. Her win this year was the more creditable because she was suffering from a dislocated finger—a mishap which would prevent many ladies from donning a habit at all. The male spectators were somewhat exercised by the action of one of the competitors, Mrs. Sanders, who, seeing another lady's mount fall, pulled up to help her. A most unheard-of proceeding in any race; but, privately, I regard that pulling-up as the best feature of the event. I am sorry to hear that another lady had a fall, which resulted in a broken collar-bone. If lovely woman stoops to jump-racing, she cannot expect a special dispensation from the risks attendant.

Hunting people will be interested in the picture painted by Mr. H. F. Lucas Lucas, of Rugby, at Lord Chesham's suggestion, to commemorate an unusual occurrence, namely, a fox turning to show fight when hounds ran into him. It is seldom that such a thing is seen, the fox usually pointing straight for his goal until the leading hounds are actually upon him, when he does "snap back." Several hunting-men of very wide experience have informed me that such an incident has never come under their notice; but, on the other hand, some huntsmen who have practically spent their lives with hounds told Mr. Lucas Lucas they had witnessed such incidents, and the huntsman of one of the best packs in England told me he saw a fox "stand and show fight" only last season. It was after an excellent run, and the leading hound was a young bitch; she coursed the fox across a grass field, and when the latter saw she was gaining on him, he turned deliberately and made her keep her distance until the rest of the pack came up and killed him.

Students of the works of "The Druid" will remember his mention of a fox showing fight. One of the Belvoir lady pack raced into her fox and tackled him single-handed; when she seized him, the fox "curled round and bit her hamstring clean in two," thus laming her for life. In this case it will be noted the fox did not show fight till seized; whereas in that painted by Mr. Lucas Lucas and the other I have mentioned, the quarry may be said to have met his death while standing at bay.

Mr. Treloar's Guildhall banquet to poor children has been very successful. After paying all expenses, including the cost of one thousand hampers sent to the poor cripples, he gave £34 6s. 1d., the surplus of his fund, to Mr. J. Kirk, the well-known Secretary of the Ragged School Union. Mr. Treloar says he hopes to be able next year to send no less than five thousand hampers to crippled children. This year each hamper contained a two-pound pork-pie, a plum-pudding, a cake, a packet of tea, and a packet of sweets.



GOING TO COVER.

Photo by Walter Ball, Knebworth.

war with such forces, your object is not so high nor your expected reward so great—when, in fact, you have nothing else in view than the capture of as many fish as you can get, and that for some other person—you are apt to lose heart. Nevertheless, the Spey and the Deveron had to give up their salmon, for the close time was at an end—at least, the close time enacted by Parliament, not that imposed by the Ice King.

It was bound to come sooner or later, and members of all "fashionable" hunts will rejoice that the Quorn Committee have decided to adopt the system of "capping" which has long held sway in Ireland. It is announced that for the future a collection will be made at the covert-side, when every man who is not a regular subscriber to the hunt will have to pay one sovereign to an official told off to receive it. The money so collected will go to the Damage and Poultry Fund. It is only fair that the casual strangers who come out in such numbers with hounds should pay for their sport: they do their full share of damage to fences and crops, and the heavy expense of compensating farmers has hitherto been borne entirely by the regular subscribers to the hunt. I shall be surprised if other hunts whose meets attract strangers from a distance do not follow the example of the Quorn. It has been asked by a "hunting correspondent" of a sporting journal how it is proposed to enforce this contribution. I will tell him. If any man is mean enough to refuse, the collecting official will report to the Master, who will simply say, "The gentleman must pay or go home; if he does not, I shall take hounds home," and leave the matter for settlement by public opinion, and public opinion in the hunting-field finds vigorous expression.

The Calcutta woman is ahead of her home-staying sister in at least one respect. No hunt in Great Britain and Ireland, so far as I am aware, has a point-to-point race for ladies, and, much as I respect and admire the woman who rides straight to hounds, I hope it will be very long ere



LORD CHESHAM'S BICESTER HOUNDS RUNNING AT A BEATEN FOX.

From the Painting by Mr. Lucas Lucas, of Rugby.

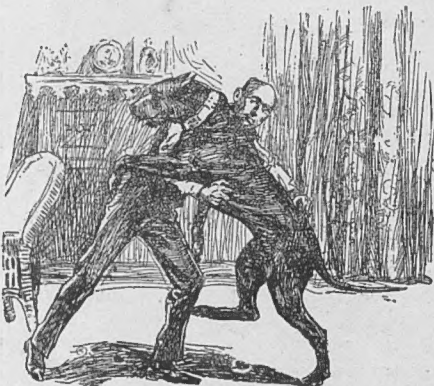
The Japanese have adopted all our commercial methods, including advertisements; but, as they are, above everything, an artistic people, their advertisements, judging from one specimen before me, put the crude designs of the Occident to the blush. I have reproduced here a picture which represents the charm of Japanese carpet-making. It would be rash to say that the reproduction does full justice to the



A JAPANESE ADVERTISEMENT.

any attention to his family-tree, but he must be gratified to learn that he is descended from the ancient "nobility of Scotland and Northern Ireland." We are not told what particular device Mr. McKinley's herald-in-ordinary has evolved from these researches, but it may be sufficiently sumptuous in design to suggest to his economic mind the propriety of making crests and coats-of-arms contribute to the American inland revenue. The world is enlightened, however, as to the kind of wool which will make Mr. McKinley's first Presidential suit of clothes. We know the very sheep whose backs have been fleeced to adorn his civic dignity. One of them has won thirty-three prizes; but his greatest distinction is, no doubt, reserved for Inauguration Day, when he ought to be decorated with Mr. McKinley's coat-of-arms.

Quite recently the announcement of certain "personally conducted tours" in the East End of London raised considerable comment in the Press. These tours were denounced in vigorous terms, and, for anything I know to the contrary, may have collapsed. There can be no doubt but that it is unpleasant to contemplate the condition of affairs in which one part of the town has to be personally conducted over the other, and where precautions must be taken, or, at least, suggested, to prevent any nasty experience. Do the men who ridicule the idea of dangerous East End slums recognise the fact that there are riverside slums in plenty down which no single policeman would venture, that there are streets whose inhabitants make laws for themselves? Only a few days since I was talking to a man who owns certain house-property near the Dock slums, and he told me that, when there has been a brawl, broken windows, battered doorways, and blood-stains are as common as roses in late June. London has its slums and criminal haunts by the Thames' side just as Paris has them by the Seine, and both are dangerous. I like the idea of bringing the West into contact with the East, of rousing indolent people to do what in them lies for the emancipation and betterment of their fellow-men. And, as their fellow-men are "on the make," and look upon the incursion of a solitary visitor as reasonable excuse for robbery with or without violence, there can be no harm in a conducted tour. Foreigners of distinction are shown our slums; why shouldn't our own people see them? Our slums may some day be vividly put before us through the medium of the novel, for when Zola came over here a few years ago he was taken through some shocking rookeries.



FITZSIMMONS'S TRAINER.

tried wrestling with a lion, and, on the latter coming to an untimely end through contact with a live electric wire, Fitzsimmons started training with a splendid Great Dane named Yaroum. The dog stands thirty-five inches high, and is a descendant from Prince Bismarck's far-famed Faust and Pearl. He weighs a hundred and eighty-five

pounds, and seems to enjoy wrestling as much as does his master. Yaroum is three years old; he is devoted to Bob Fitzsimmons, and seems to thoroughly understand the meaning of the latter's tremendous onslaughts upon him. In fact, the famous prize-fighter regards him as the most useful trainer in the world, and declares that, in that capacity alone, Yaroum is worth two thousand pounds.

Some heraldic admirer has been so obliging as to furnish Mr. McKinley with a coat-of-arms. The President-Elect has not given

the Australian prize-fighter, Bob Fitzsimmons, was the first man who

Some years ago I foolishly let slip a Latin religious book bearing on its title-page the autograph of Melanchthon, the fourth centenary of whose birth has recently passed. The handwriting agrees with the facsimile specimen of Melanchthon's manuscript, which is to be found with those of other Reformers at the end of Jortin's "Life of Erasmus." The surname, slightly contracted, is written "Melathon," and it is curious to note that even the sepulchral inscriptions at Wittenberg omit the *ch*. This is singular, seeing that "Dominus Philippus" was Professor of Greek and a bit of a pedant; in his letters to Erasmus I have come across many Greek words and phrases. A fine portrait of this "moderate" Reformer, showing the head and bust, and inscribed "Philippus Melanthon, Germanice Dictus Schwartzerd," is contained in the translation of the "General History of the Reformation," by Sleidanus, which was made by Edmund Bohun, and dedicated by him to Queen Mary (William and Mary), Feb. 20, 1688-9, just after "the late Wonderful Revolution." The mildness of the countenance bears out the opinion of Melanchthon's biographers that his tastes were in reality literary rather than polemical; and in the list of his works the "Confession of Augsburg" and the "Defence of Luther" are sandwiched in between Greek and Latin grammars, numerous disquisitions on the Classics, and other essays.

Dr. Nansen had a great reception in Edinburgh, where he was presented with the gold medal of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. On the obverse there are in relief the arms of the Society—a lion rampant on a globe with a double tressure. The reverse, which is reproduced here, bears the following inscription: "Fridtjof Nansen, 1897. For distinguished services to Arctic discovery." The medal weighs three and a-half ounces.

Mr. J. Lowther was surely wide of the mark when he told the House of Commons the other day that the manufacture of blacklead pencils in this country is a crushed industry. As a matter of fact, I am informed by Messrs. E. Wolff and Son, of Battersea, that a greater number of pencils are now being made here than formerly. "We think it might interest you to see that ours is quite an important industry, and we would have much pleasure in showing you practically how English pencils are made." The late Lord Leighton used Messrs. Wolff's pencils in preference to those of foreign make.

I am told that Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, the wife of the subtle American draughtsman, has introduced the Spanish mantilla into New York. Scarves of all sorts—light, flimsy, graceful things that can make even a plain woman picturesque, and a beautiful one ten times more interesting—are now a positive rage. Scarves of chiffon in all colours, scarves of lace in many picturesque shapes and designs, scarves of almost any material that the fancy of the owner may prompt, are being worn as evening head-dresses, to the exclusion of almost every other form of covering for the coiffure. Where a particular fancy for the Spanish scarf is developed, the gown or gowns with which it is to be worn may be effectively trimmed with Spanish lace, in order to secure a still greater appearance of harmony—



ROYAL SCOTTISH GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY'S MEDAL TO NANSEN.

'Tis long since we borrowed the fan,
Which seems so distinctively Spanish,
But still it remains in the van,
Though subsequent fashions may vanish
And now it's the fanciful plan
For dames in the Land of Aquila
To curtain the face in the grace of the lace
That is known as the Spanish mantilla.
For months we have suffered the hat
That nods with barbarian feathers
On rims that are vast as a vat,
Mid pansies and tulips and heathers;
And the man who behind it has sat
Has warred in a spirit guerilla;
But here is relief, for his grief will be brief
In the light of the Spanish mantilla.
Are chaperons eyeing with dread
The charms that attach to the fashion,
Which, framing the feminine head,
Provokes a flirtation or passion?
The fan is a danger, 'tis said,
But here is Charybdis and Scylla;
It hides the romance of a glance at a dance—
This pretty, coquettish mantilla.

Who says we discomfited Spain
In crushing the splendid Armada?
For every young woman from Maine
Right here to the Vale which is Maida
Is eager to follow the train
Of fashion as worn at Sevilla.
Nay, Spain is alive, and will thrive till our hive
Abandon the fan and mantilla.

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When I arrived at the Carnival Ball held at Hengler's, now the National Skating Palace, in honour of St. Valentine, the first person to meet my expectant gaze was a dark, turbaned, bearded Indian beating a tom-tom and claiming the gifts of the charitable on behalf of the starving ones thousands of miles away. He had one or two friends, or attendants, and so long as I stayed they were going round soliciting funds. The fact that Mr. Collier, the manager of the Skating Palace, was aware of the procedure guaranteed its *bona-fides*, and everybody seemed to have a trifle to spare. I hope the Indian received a prize; the costume was excellent. When people are really enjoying themselves, they are usually best disposed to remember the claims of the unfortunate. The National Skating Palace management is to be congratulated on another excellent Carnival, and I learn that there will be two more before the season closes, in honour of St. Patrick and Primrose Day respectively. After that date the young man's fancy will lightly turn to other delights, and skating will give way to the sports and pastimes of the summer season; he will say, "Sufficient for the year be the winter thereof."

The sufferers by the Plague have their helpers, too, none of whom has rendered greater service than M. Yersin, the discoverer of the microbe of

action of the microbe, and that, when this was attained, their blood could protect animals against the Plague, and could cure them when once infected with the germ. At first the Chinese would not accept the serum treatment; but after Yersin cured twenty-one out of twenty-three severe cases, they came with uplifted hands and awe-stricken voices, saying, "Surely this is a miracle. This is divine!" The Ghost of Hoa t'o, the Genius of Medicine of the Celestial Empire, had appeared again in the form of M. Yersin. From his little thatched hut the French scientist emerged into the world a shining light. Now he has been requested to go to the Plague-stricken Bombay, where death is stalking about. Jenner, Pasteur, Lister, Koch, will never be forgotten, and Yersin will be remembered with them.

Rajah Sir Ram Singh is the only Indian Prince who is a K.C.B., and when the insignia was presented to him last month a crowded Durbar was held. The efficiency of the Kashmir troops is largely due to the energy of Sir Ram, who has cordially acquiesced and assisted in the suggestions and improvements put forward by the various British officers appointed to assist him or superintend the training of the troops. After the Durbar, the Resident, Sir Adelbert Talbot, presented the Orders of Merit to a number of men who had been awarded them in the Chitral



A REVIEW OF INDIAN TROOPS.

the pestilence. Bubonic Plague, or "Black Death," is the most terrible scourge that human flesh is heir to. In the fourteenth century it decimated Europe to the extent of twenty-five millions of its inhabitants. In 1665 London offered up seventy thousand victims, but the pest has never gained a permanent foothold in Europe. Its home is in Asia. M. Yersin is a naturalised Frenchman of Swiss birth. Although scarcely thirty years of age, his name has been known to science since his collaboration with Roux in a series of epoch-making researches on diphtheria. For a time it seemed as if he had disappeared from the scientific arena. He had been appointed to the medical staff of the Maritime Service of the French colonies in the East, and in 1894 he went to Hong-Kong, where the Plague had broken out. With the sanction of the English authorities, he built a thatch-covered hut in the precincts of the Hong-Kong Hospital, and worked day and night with an almost delirious energy.

Simultaneously with the famous Japanese bacteriologist Kitasato, he succeeded in isolating the *Bacillus Pestis* by the application of Koch's classical methods. In a later research he brought overwhelming evidence to show that this bacillus was the one and only cause of Plague. He further found that one of the main methods by which the pest was spread was by rats. The next step in his work was the discovery that certain animals (rabbits or horses) could be rendered immune from the

campaign. One native officer who received the second class of the Order had been twice recommended for it, for two distinct signal acts of devotion and courage, once for commanding the small party which helped Surgeon-Captain Whitechurch, V.C., to save Lieutenant Baird, and the second time for extinguishing a dangerous fire in a tower set light to by the enemy, under a heavy fire at close quarters, when the first two men who attempted it had been shot dead. Among the recipients of the Order were General Jagat Singh, commanding the Kashmir Imperial Service Troops at Jammu, and Major Bali Ram, Brigade-Major to General Bhaj Singh, and by his side when that officer was killed and Captain Campbell wounded.

A brave and stalwart Havildar Major belonging to No. 1 Kashmir Mountain Battery carried a seven-pounder gun alone on his shoulders for over a mile in the snow on the Shandour Pass, and for his subsequent behaviour at Nisagol received the Order of Merit. The medal is of bronze, the shape of a lotus, having the Kashmir coat-of-arms on the obverse, and Chitral Fort, with a British officer and two Sepoys, a Dogra and a Sikh, on the reverse. The medal has a clasp for "Chitral 1895." It is worn on the right breast, to distinguish it from medals granted by the Queen-Empress, and has a ribbon of the Kashmir colours, namely, a red stripe on each edge, then a green stripe, with a white one in the centre. It is a handsome decoration.

The death of Mr. Henry Betty, whose heart was always in sympathy with the troubles of the theatrical profession, and whose hand was invariably ready to place his fortune at its disposal, recalls the interesting manner in which that fortune was made. Mr. Betty inherited his wealth from his father, Master Betty, who, as the Infant Roscius, earned a prodigious but not a prolonged popularity with our great-grandfathers. Even in these days of big salaries the amount earned by this child-phenomenon seems enormous. The fair-headed, blue-eyed boy of thirteen first set Dublin and then the big English provincial towns on fire with enthusiasm, and, with two performances daily, sometimes netted five hundred pounds in a single week. At length the fame of this "Tenth Wonder of the World" made the Metropolis eager to behold him, and although the Covent Garden company of that day included John Kemble, Siddons, Cooke, and Munden, the management considered it worth while to offer Master Betty an engagement at the trifling honorarium of fifty pounds a-night. Talk of a Patti concert, or an Irving production, what are such attractions when compared with a prodigy? By one o'clock on Dec. 1, 1804, the date of his first appearance, a huge concourse filled Bow Street, and this increased so alarmingly that it became necessary to send for the military to clear the entrances and keep free the approaches. The great theatre was crammed from floor to roof, and fainting folks were dragged out of the vast mass every few minutes, while adjacent Drury Lane took a cool three hundred pounds from the overflow! During this season London enthusiasm for young Betty surpassed even the extravagances of the provinces; duchesses fought for the honour of giving Roscius an airing in the park; royal dukes sang his praises; when he was indisposed, bulletins were issued; and William Pitt once adjourned the House to see him play. Yet it has since been decided he was only a clever lad "well parroted." The London furore worked itself dead in a single season, but the provinces remained faithful for a year or two, and, at his father's death, Master Betty found himself with an estate in Shropshire and a handsome fortune. In after years he essayed the stage once more, to prove himself a mediocre though intelligent performer, whose Hamlet (learned as a boy in those days!) sadly grieved the old stagers of his time. His son, who has just died, dispensed a cordial hospitality at his house, The Betony, hard by the big college founded by another actor, Edward Alleyn.

Those of my readers who are familiar with the site for the proposed new theatre near the Haymarket will hardly be surprised at the vehement opposition of certain members of the County Council to the scheme. This site is at the junction of Norris Street and St. Alban's Place. Norris Street is a narrow thoroughfare so unimportant that I cannot find it marked in a whole series of London maps that extend over the best part of the century, while St. Alban's Place is that long, flagged alley that opens on Charles Street, just east of the Junior United Service Club, and extends to Jermyn Street. A more congested little district it would be difficult to discover in the whole of the West End. Whether another theatre is wanted in a neighbourhood which already has, within the circuit of a few hundred yards, the Haymarket, the Comedy, the Criterion, and last, but not least, the nearly completed Her Majesty's, is perhaps outside the question, but the position and approaches of a place of public entertainment are distinctly points for the Council's most serious consideration. How carriages are to comfortably discharge and take up their living freight at this particular point, heaven may know, but certainly not the police authorities who would control the traffic. I am not surprised to read that Lord Monkswell declared that in passing the plans they would be licensing the erection of a "veritable death-trap," for one's imagination recoils from the idea of a panic-stricken crowd attempting to escape from this proposed theatre in case of a fire, which, I should think, might burn a long time before the engines could approach it in any number. I think we shall probably hear but little more of the project. That long alley, St. Alban's Place, preserves the name of St. Alban's Street—where Swift lodged at eight shillings a-week—removed to make way for Waterloo Place.

I am glad to learn that Mrs. Arthur Bouchier (Miss Violet Vanbrugh) has sufficiently recovered from the utter nervous prostration which so unfortunately cut short her American tour as to be able to journey to the South of France. After resting some little time in London, she and her husband left a few days since for Antibes, a quaint little place well known to sojourners at Nice, and arrived there safely. Everyone will hope that change, sunshine, and immunity from the cares of management will soon restore the popular actress. The fact is, that Mrs. Bouchier started for America immediately on the conclusion of a provincial tour, and, as every artist knows who has been in the States, it requires tremendous strength and energy to resist the inroads made on the nervous system by the railroad journeys covering such enormous distances.

After all, Mrs. Patrick Campbell will not be the first actress to represent on the boards Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Tess*. That incomparable exemplar of "the natural woman" will shortly be embodied histrionically by Minnie Maddern Fiske, a well-known American star, and wife of Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, of the *New York Dramatic Mirror*. This lady has acquired the American dramatic rights of "*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*," and has arranged with Mr. Lorimer Stoddard to adapt the novel for stage purposes, somewhat on the lines of Mr. Hardy's own version of his famous book. The production of "*Tess*" will take place in New York at the beginning of March, and, from what I hear, a fine work is pretty sure to receive a careful and adequate interpretation.

A QUESTION OF ALTERNATIVES.

"It is so difficult to decide," said Miss Powers appealingly.
 "They are becoming very general," I replied.
 "So many people consider them fast," she continued.
 "Only prejudiced people," I answered encouragingly.
 "But there are so many such," said Miss Powers plaintively.
 "You are not obliged to notice them," I said.
 "That will not prevent them noticing you," rejoined Miss Powers.
 I could not deny this latter contention, and a short silence ensued.
 "A neat, plain skirt, and a blouse look very nice, don't you think?" she inquired tentatively.
 "Charming, on the right person," I said.
 I spoke with perhaps more fervency than I should have done, for Miss Powers blushed slightly as she said—
 "But on a windy day it must be—"
 "Very delightful," I murmured unthinkingly.
 Then I hastened to repair my mistake by adding—
 "To dispense with them."
 I felt that this was somewhat vague; but Miss Powers' next remark showed me that she comprehended my meaning.
 "Skirts must be a great hindrance," she said.
 "They must indeed," said I.
 "On the other hand, the—," Miss Powers paused.
 "The alternatives would, of course, give more play to the—I should say—greater freedom of action," I said, coming to her assistance.
 "The question is," mused Miss Powers, "whether a woman does not lose in attractiveness when she is dressed—"
 "It is a moot point, certainly," I assented.
 "Dressed in masculine attire, I was about to say," continued Miss Powers, directing towards me a scathing look.
 "That is clearly the most important thing to be considered," I rejoined humbly.
 "It must be so easy to mount in them," said she.
 "In dismounting, with skirts on," I ventured, "one might display—"
 "I quite understand," she interrupted quickly.
 "And in the event of a fall,"
 "Oh!" said Miss Powers.
 "So that—," I began.
 "I think I shall decide against skirts," she replied.
 "Of course, some girls cannot afford to discard skirts," I remarked.
 "No?" interrogated Miss Powers.
 "Girls who may not have been fairly treated by Providence with regard to—"
 "Precisely," assented Miss Powers, with a furtive glance downwards.
 "Others more liberally bestowed in that respect—"
 "I shall have skirts, I believe, after all," interrupted Miss Powers.
 "Have nothing to fear from windy weather," I went on, trying to catch the eye of my companion.
 "I think you are perfectly horrid!" was her reply.
 I played silence, and, after a short pause, Miss Powers vouchsafed—
 "Mr. Rawson prefers the—er—alternatives."
 "Of course," I said, "he must be considered."
 "You are very rude," said Miss Powers sharply.
 I was in trouble again, and, as I could see but one way out of it, I simulated an injured air, and complained—
 "You did not allow me to finish my sentence. I meant to have said that Mr. Rawson must be considered a judge in these matters."
 "And so you would advise me—?"
 "Certainly not," I returned.
 "But I wish you to. How provoking you are!" said Miss Powers, kicking against the ground in a vicious manner which promised the utter destruction of a very neat French shoe.
 "That alters the case," said I.
 "So your opinion is—?"
 "That a girl who, we will assume, has been well treated by—"
 "There is no need to repeat that," remarked Miss Powers.
 "Well," I continued, "that such a girl would do best to wear skirts, and chance the windy days."
 "And in the event of a fall?" she inquired, with a faint smile.
 "She should be careful to always have someone at hand to pick her up again," I responded promptly.
 "Girls are so slow," said Miss Powers irrelevantly.
 "Some of them," I admitted.
 There was another lull in the conversation, and the unfortunate foot-gear of my companion suffered again.
 "Then you do not agree with Mr. Rawson?" said Miss Powers.
 "Certainly, on one point," I replied.
 "Really?" returned Miss Powers, in the tone which a woman uses when she wishes to ask a question without asking it.
 "We are at one," I replied slowly, "in considering the tandem to be the most perfect form of bicycle."
 Miss Powers was studying the scenery.
 "I have purchased a tandem," I continued.
 The view was impressively interesting.
 "And the front seat is vacant."
 Miss Powers smiled, and transferred her attention to the ground.
 "So that," I proceeded boldly, "you have only to choose between skirts and the—er—alternatives."
 "I am sure I shall prefer skirts," murmured Miss Powers.

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suddenly turned over on his back with a sepulchral cry of 'Cuckoo.' He died of putty and paint!

In the interval, however, between the disappointments of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "The Christmas Carol," and the triumphant financial success of "Dombey and Son," he did not spend much of his time at Devonshire Terrace. It is well known—readers will remember the general preface to the book in its final form—that little Paul came to his end when Dickens was in Paris. Almost immediately after writing this chapter he returned to England, but "Devonshire Terrace remaining still in possession of Sir James Duke, a house was taken in Chester Place, Regent's Park, where, on the 18th of April, 1847, his fifth son, to whom he gave the name of Sydney Smith Haldimand, was born." In the autumn of the same year, however, Sir James Duke left, and Dickens came up from Broadstairs "joyfully to take possession," a journey upon which, by the way, he lost his portmanteau, but did not lose an important chapter of "Dombey"; for, "Thank God! the manuscript of the chapter wasn't in it. Whenever I travel, and have anything of that valuable article, I always carry it in my pocket." But one likes most to think that Devonshire Terrace was, with intervals, the London

Carlyle's laughing reply to questions about his health, that he was, in the language of Mr. Peggotty's housekeeper, a lone-lorn creature, and everything went contrary with him." With such reminiscences I may leave this house of memories, with ghostly recollections of ancient carriages driving to its door in the late 'forties, and of Thackeray, Carlyle, Tennyson, and their great contemporaries emerging thence and stepping up to be greeted by their great contemporary Charles Dickens. . . . Ham and Steerforth were near the end, too, when "Dickens left Devonshire Terrace, never to return to it."

REGENT'S PARK IN 1831.

The sketch given of Regent's Park in 1831 is taken from one of the many drawings of Henry Alken. The original is a coloured print in the possession of Sir C. Wolsley, Bart., and has been in his family since about the time of its publication. It is of special interest at the present time, as showing the ideas of the public in those days, and bears a



REGENT'S PARK IN 1831, ACCORDING TO HENRY ALKEN.

home of Dickens when "Copperfield" was conceived and written. The crowd of ghosts which fill those great pages seem still to haunt the precincts of Marylebone; and it was here, too, that *Household Words* first took its rise.

It is, however, an odd circumstance that the assiduous reader of Forster will associate in all probability the few last years of Dickens's abode at Devonshire Terrace, not so much with "Chuzzlewit" or "Dombey," or even "Copperfield," as with the series of rather extraordinary dinners given there in 1849 and 1850. It was in April of the first year that at a dinner here the "poet" Rogers "had to be borne out, having fallen sick at the table, but, as we rose soon after to quit the dining-room, Mr. Jules Benedict had quite suddenly followed the poet's lead and fallen prostrate on the carpet in the midst of us." Then there was the dinner of the "christening" of "The Haunted Man," when "besides Lemons, Evanses, Leeches, Bradburys, and Stanfields, there were present Tenuel, Topham, Stone, Robert Bell, and Thomas Beard," and that other when "I met at his table Lord and Lady Lovelace, Milner Gibson, Mowbray Morris, Horace Twiss, Lady Molesworth, John Hardwick, Charles Babbage, and Dr. Locock"; and finally, to make a leap over others less interesting, "Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle came, Thackeray and Rogers, Mrs. Gaskell and Kenyon, Jerrold and Hablot Browne . . . and it was a delight to see the enjoyment of Dickens at

striking similarity to some of the caricatures which are appearing at the present day with regard to our motor-carriages. Mechanical or horseless carriages are of very ancient date, and some very curious productions have from time to time appeared, only to die a natural death. Is this to be the ending of our motor-carriages of to-day? The want of progress seems rather to point in this direction. It is now three months since the famous opening-day of the auto-cars in Northumberland Avenue, when it was said that hundreds of motor-cars were ready to be put on the road. Where are they? They are conspicuous only by their absence. It is a pity we have no modern Alken to illustrate with his humorous pencil the doings of those hideous machines called motors.

It may not be generally known that Henry Alken, the great delineator of sporting subjects, is said to have been originally huntsman, stud-groom, or trainer to the Duke of Beaufort of those days. His earlier works were produced under the name of "Ben-Tallyho," and it was not until 1816 that his name appeared attached to the series of etchings entitled "The Beauties and Defects of the Horse." Alken had an astounding facility of producing pencil-sketches; but it must be remembered that he had three sons—one called Henry—all artists in the same line, and no doubt many of the pictures attributed to Alken senior are the productions of his sons. In the South Kensington Museum there is a fine water-colour drawing by Alken of "Fox-hunting."

THE DUMPIES

FRANK YED-BECK,
DISCOVERED
ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE,
HISTORIAN

[Copyrighted by The Sketch]



THE TREACHERY OF COMMODORE.

St. Valentine's Day was not far off. Jolly-boy was waxing fatter daily. Commodore, who still regarded him with great envy, one morning went to the fence that separated Dumpy Land from the outer forest, and stood leaning over, thinking. A Rabbit crept out from under a brush-heap and sat up straight, regarding him. In those days the Rabbit's ears were somewhat shorter, and all four of his legs were quite long. He also wore then a wise look, which did not belong to him and has since disappeared. It served to deceive Commodore, however, who explained his sorrow and sought the Rabbit's advice.

"If you will help me to win Topsy-loo," said he, "you can come and live with us forever."

But the Rabbit was timid and suspicious, and at first fled hastily back into the brush. Then, being very curious, he presently came out again.

"I—I'll tell you, Commodore," he said nervously; "send her a valentine."

"Oh, but Jolly-boy will do that too," was the sad reply.

"Sure enough!" said the silly Rabbit, scratching his head; "sure enough!"

Then, for the first time in his life, a brilliant idea struck him, causing him to turn a backward somersault.

"How will Jolly-boy send his valentine?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, by one of the little bears, of course."

"Good! You write one too, and sign it 'Jolly-boy,' then meet the cub and give him a bag of candy. He will ask you to hold his letter while he eats it. Slip it out of sight, and give him back yours. See?" And the Rabbit did a gay dance, while Commodore laughed loudly.

"Come right to my palace, and we'll fix it up together," he cried.

The valentine that Jolly-boy really wrote—

Oh, Topsy-loo, the fattest flower
And fairest ever grew
Was never, never half so fat
Nor half so fair as you.
Not half so fat as you, T. L.
Nor half so fair as you.

Now in this valentine I send
My heart so plump and true,
And all my love and sugar-plums
I'm saving up for you.
For you, for you, for you, T. L.,
For evermore for you.



Topsy-loo the beautiful was furious, and walked the floor in anguish. Then she seized her pen and wrote.

Topsy-loo's reply to Jolly-boy—

Oh, cruel, cruel Jolly-boy!
Why did you ever win
The tender heart that always stood
By you through thick and thin,
That always stood by you, J. B.,
Through thick as well as thin?

Brave Commodore will
gladly seek
The hand of Topsy-
loo,
While Wide-out may
prove fat enough
And fair enough for
you.
And fair enough for
you, J. B.,
And fat enough for
you.



Poor Jolly-boy was heart-broken when he received this reply to his tender valentine, and ate three dishes of vanilla ice-cream to drown his sorrow. Commodore, who had copied Jolly's valentine and sent it as his own, was happy as a king. The Rabbit, who had been presented to the Dumpling early in the afternoon, was also happy. A grand festival was given that night, and, on the stroke of twelve, they all joined hands in a line and danced in honour of the Rabbit's coming. Only Jolly-boy and Topsy-loo were sad, and they pretended to be happy too.



Written that night by Jolly-boy in his diary—

"If she be not fat for me,
What care I how fat she be!"

In Commodore's diary—

"My heart is running o'er with joy—
I've got the best of Jolly-boy."

In Topsy-loo's Diary—

"How strange, alas! it seems to me
That one so fat and false can be!"



THE DRAMATIC CRITICS OF LONDON.—XVII.—XX.



"TO-DAY" (MR. CECIL RALEIGH).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE "ECHO" (MR. F. G. BETTANY).
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



THE "EVENING NEWS" (MR. BOYLE LAWRENCE).
Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.



THE "MORNING ADVERTISER" (MR. C. W. FINDEN).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

SOME DEER-STALKING TROPHIES.

Photographs by John Munro, Dingwall.

The sportsmen in these islands have laid up their guns and rifles for another period of rest, for from the beginning of February till August 11 our fur and feather game enjoy their close time. True, the wildfowler will have an extension of his sport till the end of February, but, practically speaking, the large majority of sportsmen lay aside their arms and accoutrements with the nominal close of partridge- and pheasant-shooting on the first of the month. If the wildfowler is the last to lay up, he will also be the first to bring down again, as shore-shooting opens on Aug. 1, though, in point of importance, the "Twelfth" of that month is reckoned the real opening day of the shooting season. During the past season, on moor, forest, and in covert, there have been not a few notable performances, and gunners seem inclined to regard their sport as having been, on the whole, above the average. There was certainly some slight falling off on the Scotch grouse-moors during the autumn, but, if shooting over the dogs was a failure, the shortcoming in that direction was fully made up for by successful driving on those moors adapted for the more characteristically English mode of the sport among *Lagopus Scoticus*.

The deer-stalkers in Scotland had a most successful time of it last season, though it is only a few days ago that the last of the hind-shooters returned South, many of whom, indeed, had to hurry from the hills to enter an appearance at St. Stephen's on the opening day. The sport among the hinds on this occasion was certainly attended with less toil and danger than during the memorable winter of 1894-95, and compared very much with last year, when somewhat similar conditions as now existing prevailed. With the exception of a few days' frost and only very occasional falls of snow, there was practically no winter in the Highlands during December and January; but with the advent of February the hearts of sportsmen having an eye to the welfare of game on the northern hills were gladdened by the appearance of snow in abundance, and of spells of the good, old-fashioned sort of frost that curlers know so well how to appreciate and enjoy. Most of the snow, however, has now disappeared, but light frosts continue. Both grouse and deer require such seasonable weather to keep them in trim, and to ensure sounder stamina during the remainder of the year. The recent short but sharp spell has not, therefore, come amiss.

Among the stalking trophies that were secured during the season now closed, several were very noteworthy specimens of the spoils to be secured on the Highland hillsides, though it is regrettable that the average forest trophy last year was not quite up to the average standard of excellence of the spoils of former days. Anyone who doubts this



SHOT IN KINTAIL BY LORD ESSEX.

Dukes of Atholl, Gordon, and Fife. The late Horatio Ross of Rossie records the fact that at these and other places he has seen most memorable heads, and, even in his own experience, the stags' heads of his earlier days were superior in size and symmetry to those of his later years; and it will be allowed that no one had a better acquaintance with Scottish deer and deer-forests, and with stalking, than he who has not inaptly been styled a prince of sportsmen. Among last season's deer-stalkers, the Duke of Fife, Duke of Sutherland, Duke of Westminster, Duke of Portland, Earl of Rosebery, Lord Tweedmouth, Lord Burton, Earl of March, Earl Brownlow, and Earl of Essex were successful in bringing down some fine heads in their respective forests, though none were particularly remarkable for size of beam or tine. The Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Henry Chaplin (for whom all will earnestly wish a speedy and complete recovery from his recent regrettable accident in the hunting-field) secured a number of uniformly good heads in Dunrobin Forest, in Sutherlandshire, one of the best secured by each having an inside span measurement of over thirty inches, with beams and tines thick, roughly marked, and dark in colour.

Last season's stags' heads in Aberdeenshire were not quite up to the standard of excellence observable in former years, and everybody knows how regrettably disappointing were the results of the deer-stalking during the Czar's short stay with the Queen at Balmoral—a failure that is believed to have been due to the bonfires and other marks of Highland rejoicing prevalent at the time, whereby the deer were driven to more distant corries than the distinguished sportsmen had time to visit. The Duke of Fife in Mar, Lord Glenesk in Glenmuick, and Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks in Glen Tana, enjoyed some good sport in their respective corries, similar good fortune attending Lord Hindlip in Invermark, Lord Airlie's guests in Caenlochan, and the Earl of March in Glenfiddich.

In the Inverness-shire forests, Lord Tweedmouth, Lady Tweedmouth, and guests had a most satisfactory season, over a hundred and thirty stags, perhaps the largest total for any forest last year, having been killed.



HEADS SHOT BY MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE IN GUISACHAN FOREST.

Among the guests, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P.—the only sporting representative, by the way, of his illustrious family, though the writer has a shrewd suspicion that the "G. O. M." knows *something* even about deer!—brought down three very good heads to his own rifle, the same gentleman having successfully despatched a further couple in the Sutherlandshire forest of Badanloch, as the guest of Mr. Frank Taylor. The Hon. Dudley Marjoribanks appears, however, to have been the most successful stalker in Guisachan, his season's spoils including three fine heads, the best of which was a royal, a most symmetrically developed specimen of the strong and compactly built antler, with a fine spread of beam, and rather long-tined surroyles.

In Lord Burton's forest of Glenquoich, his lordship killed a large proportion of the hundred and eighteen stags which fell there last season, and among the spoils was a pretty large number of good heads, particularly a long-browed ten-pointer shot by Lord Burton. This head is not only remarkable for its unusual size of beams and tines, but is one of the most symmetrical and regularly developed that has passed through the hands of Mr. Snowie, of Inverness, during the past half-century. The corresponding tines on each beam are as nearly as possible exact duplicates of one another, the two brow antlers, the two bays, the two tays, and the pair of double top-tines, and even the two beams themselves, being respectively practically alike in every particular of length, shape, and thickness. It is also worth while recording that the brow antlers of this trophy measure fourteen inches each in length, which is perhaps a record for the brows of a Highland stag. The various other tines are correspondingly long, but unfortunately the beams do not spread away from each other as widely as one would like, the span of the antlers being under the average.

The Glenquoich trophies included a rather unusual head whose antlers were intertwined with wire—part of the forest fencing in which the stag must have got entangled earlier in the season. The poor beast must have had a tremendous struggle to regain its liberty, as the fence wire before becoming detached had got wound around the beams and



ROE HEAD WITH DOUBLE CORONETS.

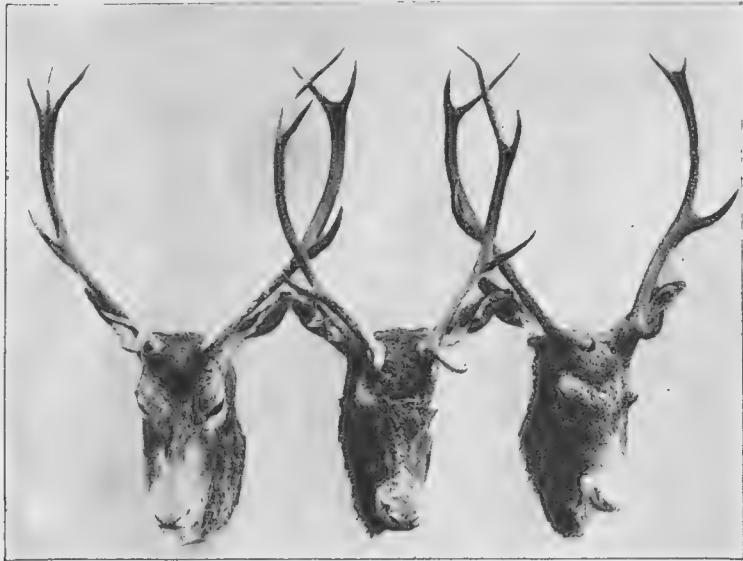


THE TEN-POINTER SHOT BY LORD BURTON.

has only to look at the treasured heads of stags of older date than, say, forty years ago, that grace the halls and corridors of most of the larger country houses within the Highland border—such as the castles of the

tines in such a way that (according to "Old" Snowie of Inverness, who set up the head) no blacksmith could have imitated the intertwining if given a piece of wire and a pair of naked antlers. Another peculiar head, which also passed through Mr. Snowie's hands, was a white-faced specimen shot in Glencarron by the Hon. Fred Guest, about which there has been some interesting controversy as to its origin. Mr. Cameron of Lochiel, who has written the practical portion of the Messrs. Longman's

Mr. Ralph Sneyd in Muckcross Forest, in Ireland. Mr. Sneyd last year, in Scotland, accounted for several fine trophies to his own rifle, particularly the wire-entwined head which fell to his stalking prowess in Glenquoich. By the way, one of the best sporting collections in Scotland is that of Mr. William Stirling, Younger of Fairburn, in the Strathpeffer quarter of Ross-shire. He has some fine wapiti, one of which is a palmated specimen, carrying no fewer than eighteen massive points, and measuring about sixty inches along the curve of the left horn from skull to tip of longest point. In respect of size the head is certainly one of the very few attaining to sixty inches in length; but it is doubtful if another such specimen, in respect of its massively palmated horns, is to be found in any collection. The other wapiti heads brought home by Mr. Stirling were all large, but normal in formation and their number of points (twelve or thirteen), and were all killed in Wyoming Territory in the autumn of 1887. In the same Territory Mr. Stirling secured some finely horned specimens of mule-deer, or clusterbuck, four of them being particularly handsome heads, with large and massive horns, the points being both numerous and strongly developed. In a subsequent hunting expedition to the Winnipeg district, Mr. Stirling, among other spoils, secured a large moose, the head of which was brought to this country, and is now a much-prized treasure, particularly so on account of lively incidents connected with its capture. Perhaps the effects of close time and other restrictions placed upon sportsmen are felt in no quarter of the American game-fields greater than in Newfoundland, where cariboo are now exceedingly scarce, and, accordingly, difficult to procure. Mr. Stirling, however, was there in 1885, when there were no licences to take out, and



HEADS SHOT IN LORD TWEEDMOUTH'S FOREST AT GUISSACHAN BY THE HON. DUDLEY MARJORIBANKS.

recently issued volume on Red Deer in the "Fur and Feather Series," relates that a similarly faced stag was observed in his forest in Inverness-shire some years ago, but had not been seen since; while Mr. Stirling of Fairburn some ten years ago introduced a white-faced stag and hind into his Ross-shire forest of Monar. The Glencarron specimen may have been one of the progeny of the Monar pair, though Mr. Snowie, whose acquaintance with the Highland forests dates as far back as half a century ago, vouches for the fact that a white-faced stag was shot by the late Lord Daere in Ceannaeroe, in Inverness-shire, about thirty years ago, Lord Daere's trophy being considered an aged specimen of the red deer.

The well-known Forest of Kintail, in the west of Ross-shire—the home *par excellence* of the Scottish red deer—held for so many years by Mr. Winans, yielded capital sport last season to the rifles of the Earl of Essex, the Hon. A. Holland Hibbert, and Mr. W. H. Grenfell, each of whom secured good heads. The latter gentleman brought down a splendidly horned wild goat, numbers of which are found in the Kintail hills, and are declared to yield as fine sport as is obtained among the mountain-goats of the Rockies.

The Sutherlandshire forests all yielded a fair average of good heads last season, and the stalking was most enjoyable to all concerned. The Duke of Westminster's guests in the Reay corries brought down a large total of finely haunched stags, and among the antlers there was a satisfactory number of the well-spread, rough, and dark horns for which the Sutherlandshire forests have long enjoyed a reputation. The Duke of Sutherland's guests in Dunrobin, Loch Choire, and in other parts of the ducal territories, accounted for several excellently antlered trophies, Lord Rosebery bringing down five to his own rifle. Both the Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Henry Chaplin, as well as Lord Rosebery, secured one or two heavy stags among their spoils, and the Dunrobin corries had the reputation last season of providing the heaviest stag of the year—a finely-conditioned beast of over twenty-three stone, shot by Captain Fielden. This, however, is still below the 25-stone stag shot in 1895 by



MULE-DEER FROM WYOMING.

when there were no limits as to numbers imposed upon sportsmen, and consequently he was enabled to bring home some of the finest game known to have been got in Newfoundland. His spoils there included two female and one bull cariboo, with very finely marked heads, the horns of the female heads being perfect specimens. Interspersed with the American trophies, Mr. Stirling has effectively disposed a number of his deer-stalking spoils secured in Scotland, in his own Ross-shire forest of Monar, from which some typical Highland stags' heads have been taken in recent years, and where Mr. Stirling and friends had some good sport during last season.

PITFERSIDE.



CARIBOO FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.



WAPITI HEAD.



GROUP OF HIGHLAND HEADS AND WAPITI.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Cretan imbroglio is subject to changes too sudden and unexpected for any prediction of the probable results of its last development. Greece is on the war-path, and the fat is in the fire. It is at present a toss-up whether Crete will be kept in order by assorted detachments of the Marines of all nations, or partitioned out among the Powers like a sort of Schleswig-Holstein, with similar results, or given over from Turkish oppression to Hellenic incompetence. For the present the spectator may amuse himself by comparing the Cretan raid of Prince George with that other raid whose origin and progress are now being inquired into before the South African Committee.

In Crete (Johannesburg) the considerable majority of the population is Greek (English), and is subject to a minority of Turks (Boers), who are of imperfect civilisation and maintain their power solely by their superiority in war. The Greeks (English) have been denied ordinary civil rights; the attitude of the Turkish (Transvaal) Government was hostile towards them, and they were treated as an inferior race. This state of things was made more galling by the fact that the Greeks of the mainland and islands (the peoples of England and her colonies) had tried to obtain reforms for those of their own race. The Sultan (President Krüger) always promised reform, but never gave it; and the progressive element in his government was his private fortune.

The ruler of a neighbouring and sympathetic country, King George of Greece (Mr. Cecil Rhodes), supported the Cretan (Johannesburg) malcontents with money and arms, and had emissaries and agitators among them. He organised a military force ready to proceed to the scene of action, in case the feeling among the oppressed Cretans (English) grew too strong for repression. But here the parallel ends, for King George *did* send off his son with his blessing and some torpedo-boats to raid Crete; whereas Mr. Rhodes says, and probably with truth, that, while the preparation of Jameson's force was his work, the disastrous use of that force was not ordered by him. The Greek raiders, having to go by sea and not by land, found no Turkish ironclad to intercept them, and have reached *their* goal in safety. But wherein otherwise does Prince George differ from Dr. Jim?

"Oh, but," our sentimental politicians might say, "Mr. Rhodes was merely acting to save his tottering financial enterprise by securing the rich goldfields of the Rand." Granted; but what is the financial condition of Greece, and what is likely to be the purity of her motives in securing a large and fairly productive island? Again, we are told that the Reformers of Johannesburg and their adherents were mere jobbers and robbers, the scum of international finance. Even if this were true, what sort of reputation have the Cretans enjoyed from the dawn of history? Proverbially mendacious, treacherous, and anarchic in ancient history, they have not altogether lost these qualities now, and it is probable that, but for their backward state of civilisation, they would not excel the mixed multitude of the Rand in the one virtue of readiness to fight.

It may be that Prince George is right, and Dr. Jameson was wrong; but I do not see how the distinction is to be maintained, unless we assume that everything done by Britons for Britain is a crime, and everything done by foreigners for *their* countries is heroic. Nor can I see how the saintship of Oom Paul the Holy is less contestable than that of Abdul the Damned. The former always has his Bible at his elbow when a reporter is present; the latter is never without his Koran, though less accessible to the Press. The Assassin has shown himself greedy of the blood of rebels; the Doppler has an equal thirst for their money.

The breach of international law is far more flagrant and inexcusable in the Cretan case. The promised reforms *have* been granted to Crete, though many impediments have been thrown in the way of their execution by the Sultan and others. The Great Powers have undertaken to tranquilise the island. And the raid is the avowed work of the Greek State, not the result of a private conspiracy. Further, Greece has no shadow of suzerainty over Crete.

It is easy to vaunt the virtues of the Boer, and pretend to believe his telegrams, and still easier to declaim against the Turk; but, from the point of view of law, King George of Greece is as much worse than Mr. Rhodes as Prince George is better than Dr. Jameson. Greek troops were not wanted in Crete to save the Christians; the latter had shown their ability to look after themselves. Order would have been restored without the Greeks: the whole business is a mere selfish aggression, for the purpose of securing territory and influence. The fact that the Greek raid was organised by a king and led by a prince, both of them connected with most of the royal and imperial families of Europe, ought not to warp our judgment.

If Dr. Jim and Mr. Rhodes have deserved imprisonment, by what reasoning can the two Georges of Greece be proved to merit anything less? I should like some of our fervid journalists to argue the point in their lucid intervals.

MARMITON.

IN THE CITY OF THE WEALD.

A bright November morning wakes the ancient town of Cranbrook. From under the shadow of the old church of St. Dunstan, built in the fifteenth century, the quiet street stretches down the hill to the windmill whose sails were struck by lightning, and to the bridge over the Crane, a tiny river, little broader than a ditch. Some few shopkeepers, remembering the proverb about early birds, are already astir, and their premises, in which every style of architecture runs riot, are already opened. Mine host of the Bull Inn—a lovely, rambling old place, whose courtyards and private staircases would delight the romantic novelist—is busy among his live stock, and there is a delightful odour, eminently suggestive of breakfast. Cranbrook, now little more than a village, is the city of the Weald of Kent, in days of old a very important place, to which Queen Elizabeth once came, and wherein the weaving of broad-cloth was an important industry. The town flourished mightily till some two hundred years ago, when Father Time found it sleeping as he passed upon his way, and left it at rest to summon up visions of mediæval England. So the ancient town sleeps now, and even the railway-station stays respectfully a mile and a half away. Generations come and go, but almost the only travellers who knock at the gates of Cranbrook are those of the "commercial" variety, useful men, free from all taint of poetry, who take their orders and their departure as quickly as possible. Over the hills, amid a well-preserved estate, is Hemsted, the home of the Gathorne-Hardy family that now holds the Earldom of Cranbrook; there are other and older families of landowners in the neighbourhood. Some two years ago, Miss Ellen Terry, who was staying in Winchelsea, discovered the town of Cranbrook; her visits and purchases are a favourite theme of conversation among the natives, who find a small sensation in everything.

All this and much more that is worth hearing, jolly Will Bone, champion athlete and good sportsman, tells me as we drive into the country after breakfast. The air is gloriously keen and fresh, with the salt scent of the sea brought on the breeze from the Sussex coast, which is but sixteen miles away; the trees are the delight of the artist's eye, the despair of my pen. Every tint, every shade, from the deep tone of the evergreens to the orange hues that tell of the changing year, are there, while the thinning of copse and spinney gives the traveller passing glimpses of tiny villages securely set in the hollows of the Kentish hills. Our destination is reached, the guns are told off to their several places, the beaters set about their duties. There are among them old men who must long have passed the allotted three score years and ten, whose eyes fail not, whose passion for sport seems cherished by every succeeding year. Soon from the plantation the shrill cries of the boys are heard, the welcome cry of "Mark to the right" comes up, and a splendid cock pheasant, with brilliant plumes reflecting the sun's rays, sails up like a rocket and down like the stick. But though there is little need to dwell upon the sport afforded by the Weald of Kent, which needs no praise from me, it is in the exhilaration of the moment, when the shooting is about to commence, that all the charm of surroundings, all the wondrous intoxication of the country, come in full force and give one of those exquisite moments that compensate for hours and days of fog and wet. And who shall overestimate the homeward drive when the light is drawing to a close, the passing glimpse of a life that seems impossible within fifty miles of London? The country through which we pass was once the happy hunting-ground of smuggler and exciseman; there are old caves in remote hills and quiet valleys, each one with some legend of feats of derring-do. Just beyond the town is the Willow House, where, in old time, the Quakers used to meet; and further down the road, in some of the picturesque buildings that have survived the cloth-weaving era, T. Webster, R.A.; J. C. Horsley, R.A., and F. D. Hardy have successively had their studios. The old church, about which tradition hangs so heavily, sees the survival of many quaint customs. When a marriage is solemnised, the path from the church is strewn, not with flowers, but with emblems of the bridegroom's trade. The happy butcher leads his wife over sheepskins, the carpenter joyously leads his choice over shavings, the bride of the blacksmith must pick her way over choice morsels of old iron. How the custom originated nobody knows, and I have not heard of it elsewhere. But it is an evening when the local Volunteers meet to compete for prizes given by their colonel, Lord Medway, and it ill befits a man to attend to anything in the face of so important a function. The sturdy Kentish yeomen are coming in apace, as they did in the distant days of bill and crossbow when trouble was in the land; they are a well-knit, ruddy-complexioned, muscular body of men, who will not fail their country or shame their county in the time of need. Some have tramped five or six miles after a hard day's work on the farm; some have brought their wives with them, sturdy women who can stand fatigue. Evidently patriotism flourishes in the Weald.

They have gone to their shooting in the long gallery of the inn, where lights are blazing and guns are sounding; but I am content to remain outside in sober mood enjoying the infinite beauty of the night. And there comes a call from the old church, wherein so many generations sleep—a call that annihilates time, and makes one forget the progress-ridden age—the sound of the Curfew Bell, ringing over the land as in the earliest season of Norman supremacy, when the fateful fight on Senlac Hill was yet fresh in the minds of men.

S. L. B.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



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A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS.—N. PRESCOTT-DAVIES.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

ART NOTES.

The "Lady Artists" have a really very pleasant exhibition at Suffolk Street, not the least agreeable element of which is the little collection of work after the ideals of the Arts and Crafts, bookbinding, glass-work, and embroidery. The best picture by far in the show is Mrs. Swynnerton's "Hebe," which emphasises all that lady's best qualities of strength, solidity, and clever technique. This is an artist whose work is so conscientious, and, at the same time, is so poetical in inspiration and fresh in idea, that it is impossible not to salute her with respect when some example of that work comes before one.

Mr. N. Prescott-Davies has inherited something of the spirit of Albert Moore, and his picture "A Daughter of the Gods" is, so far as it goes, a direct descendant of "A Summer Night." The composition is conceived in a frankly decorative spirit, although to a large extent it pretends to be

wayward individuality of their great master. His Venetian drawings are altogether admirable, with their fine sunsets and even finer dusks. He has, too, a most attractive feeling for atmosphere, painting everything through that subtle envelope, and thereby showing with truth the proper beauty of the objects which he views. The most interesting item, however, of the exhibition is not, perhaps, Mr. Holloway's work, but the little portrait of the artist by Mr. Whistler. It is painted upon a small-enough scale, but ranks among the very perfect portraits of that master, even reminding one of the glories of his "Carlyle."

The exhibition on the part of the Burlington Fine Arts Club of water-colours by the late A. W. Hunt is a fitting tribute to that singular artist's greatness of talent. It was also a talent of much versatility and of some splendour, a fact which is sufficiently proved by his amazingly fine "Land of Smouldering Fires," a study by night of the Bay of Naples and Vesuvius, which, within the limits of tone conceived by the artist himself, is as brilliant a piece of work as he ever accomplished. Scarcely



A STROLL IN THE PARK.

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY EDITH SCANNELL, IN THE POSSESSION OF SIR JOHN ROBINSON.

little more than a portrait. The hair is wreathed with flowers, and the garment hangs loosely about the shoulders, falling in carefully careless loops. The head is charmingly poised, and is modelled with singular completeness; everything is arranged skilfully, with tact and deliberation. If it lacks the original spirit of Albert Moore, it possesses, at all events, many traces of his inspiration. It is reproduced in these pages.

Miss Edith Scannell's drawing of two little dressed-up creatures, also reproduced herewith, is quite charming in its humour and delicacy. The boy holds with one hand his cigar, with the other his Japanese doll, while the girl follows with her sunshade spread behind her large hat. The whole conception is carried out with a prettiness and a vitality that are full of pleasant feeling and interested observation. The children behave and appear as children, and without overgrown manners—a fault too often connected with the rendering of the child in art.

The little exhibition at the Boussod-Valadon galleries of Mr. C. E. Holloway's water-colours is extremely interesting. Mr. Holloway has studied his Whistler to great advantage, and, indeed, is one of the few artists who have found it possible to graft their own personality upon the

less brilliant, too, is the sunlight of "On the Greta," in which the colour seems to glow by its own luminousness rather than by the common relations of one pigment to another. This is high praise, but is not greater than this artist deserves; even in his less brilliant work he still retains a quality and a character that are altogether engrossing to note.

The recent death of Mr. George Price Boyce will not stir the present generation to any peculiar and personal grief, for he had long retired from active work; but in his day he laboured with much success in his presentment of the London which he saw around him and which is now leaving us—the London that Dickens knew and understood so thoroughly. "Atlas," of the *World*, it may be noted, suggests that, between now and the time when the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours will be free, there will be ample leisure for the executive to gather an exhaustive collection of their long-since retired member's work; and such a collection would form a most attractive show for the general public. The gradual change of London is so interesting a subject to every Englishman that a record of the city such as Boyce made in his early lifetime—the work of a serious artist who saw with his own eyes—could not fail to be both impressive and delightful.

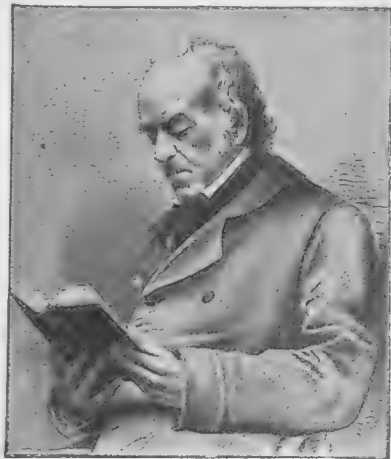
THE GREAT PUBLISHING HOUSES.

XXI.—MESSRS. NELSON AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

Among the great publishing houses of Edinburgh a foremost place must be assigned to that of Thomas Nelson and Sons, Parkside. This consideration is due to them for the variety and extent of their business operations, for the efforts they have made to improve the printing and illustrating of the cheaper and more popular classes of gift and other books, for the excellence of their educational works, and—but this is a more local reason—for the personal worth of the two partners of the firm, William and Thomas Nelson, who gave to the house the worldwide reputation it now enjoys.

The firm was founded by Thomas Nelson, their father, in the early years of the present century. Born at Throsk, near Stirling, in 1780, he went at an early age to London, and entered the service of a publishing firm there. Returning to Edinburgh, he, with the small capital his frugality had enabled him to save, opened a book-store and stocked it chiefly with second-hand books. A progressive step was made in the business when the young bookseller removed his shop to the old picturesque tenement which used to stand at the top of the West Bow, Lawnmarket, on the way to the Castle. The first flat of this timber-fronted house was carried over the pavement on substantial oak pillars and formed a piazza.

It was in the stone-vaulted shop opening upon this piazza that this great publishing firm may be said to have had its origin. Young Nelson had been brought up under the influence of one of the sterner forms of



MR. THOMAS NELSON.
THE ORIGINATOR OF THE FIRM.

the Presbyterian religion, and when he began the business of publisher, which he early did, this fact coloured the choice of books which he issued. The first of the series was a cheap reprint of "The Scots Worthies." This he published in monthly parts, and he afterwards worked his way, with cheap stereo reprints, through "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Baxter's Saints' Rest," "Booth's Reign of Grace," Josephus, and works of old Scottish and Puritan divines, which, until not so many years ago, were the only books upon the shelves of many a middle-class and artisan household in Scotland. It was a sign that the supply of the more religious works was exhausted when Thomas Nelson issued, in the same form, "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Robinson



MR. WILLIAM NELSON.

Crusoe." Of his marriage there were born to him four sons and three daughters, and it was two of his sons, William and Thomas, who gradually developed the business, until it attained the splendid proportions it has to-day.

William, the elder, received a first-class education, and at the University of Edinburgh was one of the most brilliant scholars of his day. He was looking forward to an academic career, when the health of his father broke down, and he was suddenly called upon to grapple with the novel difficulties of the publishing and bookselling trade. This he did in a cheerful, energetic, and thorough-going fashion. He took to the road, being, it is said, one of the first "bagmen" in the book line, and by his suavity of manner and excellent business capacity he consolidated and greatly extended the business of his house, not only in Scotland, but in the chief towns of the United Kingdom. His younger brother Thomas was soon afterwards admitted to the firm, and to him fell the superintendence of the manufacturing department. He it was also who was the originator of the extensive and admirable series of school-books which has greatly spread the reputation of the firm. One of the early cares of William Nelson was to improve the typography, illustrations, binding, and general get-up of the firm's publications. He was a man of artistic tastes, he loved nice things in typography and illustration, he did much for the improvement of printing in colour, and soon the Nelson books were, to the eye, as attractive outside as inside. Extensions were made from time to time at the Lawnmarket,



MR. THOMAS NELSON, JUN.

but about 1843 the business had so much developed that a removal became necessary to large, specially constructed premises at Hope Park. The best machinery and the newest methods were introduced, and there for thirty-five years every process, from the setting of the types to the issuing of the beautifully bound and illustrated volume, was successfully carried on. Employment was given to about six hundred men, women, and young girls, and for the best welfare of their employes the Nelsons were ever solicitous. Many of the books issued by the firm had a wide popularity. One has only to name in this connection the "A.L.O.E." series, the books for boys by R. M. Ballantyne and W. H. G. Kingston, the historical tales and books for young people by E. Everett Green, the "Schonberg-Cotta Family" series by Mrs. Rundle Charles; and the names of many other popular authors and authoresses—for the firm has ever held out a helping hand to lady writers of ability—might readily be mentioned. In what seemed the very height of its activity, a great calamity overtook the firm. This was the total destruction by fire of the works at Hope Park on the morning of April 10, 1878. Not a book or sheet of printed paper or machine was saved, and the loss was estimated at about £100,000. Fortunately, the stereo plates, electrotypes, and wood-cuts were almost miraculously preserved. The Nelsons were held in so high esteem that a portion of an adjoining public park was at once granted to them by the Corporation upon which to erect temporary premises, and there a fresh start was made. Instead, however, of rebuilding at Hope Park, a more extended and suitable site was found at Parkside, and there was reared a stately range of offices, ware-rooms, and workshops in which the business of the firm has since been conducted with ever-increasing efficiency. The old works consisted of tall tenements, forming three sides of a square. The new works, spread over a larger area, are, for the most part, only one storey in height; and in these well-equipped and splendidly organised buildings labour in happy content between six and seven hundred people, who include in their ranks the members of the literary staff, compositors, draughtsmen, photographers, lithographers, steel-, copper-, and wood-engravers, electrotypes, stereotypers, folders, stitchers, and binders, all plying their various crafts. The Parkside works are recognised by all who have seen them as one of the most important centres of skilled industry, not only in Edinburgh, but in Scotland. Every process connected with the printing, illustrating, and publishing of a book is done within their walls. From them are issued in increasing numbers every year the "Royal," "Crown," and other series of educational works already referred to, which run from the "Primers" through a long series of valued "Readers" in history, and treatises on geography, grammar, and arithmetic, and culminate in advanced manuals for science classes and home students. Beautiful artistic gift-books are also a speciality of the firm, and works of travel and adventure and other publications are daily turned out, suited for the home and school library. The firm are caterers not so much for specialists or the cultured few, as for the million, whom they aim at supplying with a high-toned, pure, and popular class of literature.

Part of the wealth Mr. William Nelson acquired he spent on a restoration of the old Parliament Hall and the Argyll Tower at Edinburgh Castle, and in the renovation and beautification of St. Bernard's Mineral Well and its grounds by the side of the Water of Leith—public acts which were greatly appreciated by his fellow-countrymen. He was a great traveller, and before his death, which occurred in 1887, he had visited nearly all the leading countries in the world. His brother, Thomas Nelson, died in 1892, and in his will he left a large sum for the building of halls in different parts of the city for the benefit of the artisan population. This bequest is now being worked in connection with the establishment of branch libraries in different parts of the city.

On the death of William Nelson the business passed entirely to his brother Thomas, and again, on his decease, it was, by will, transmitted to his two sons. In accordance, however, with the testator's wishes, the business is at present carried on by trustees, until the younger of the two sons of Thomas Nelson reaches the age of twenty-five years. Mr. George M. Brown, a nephew of the late Mr. Nelson, and one of the trustees, is manager of the works. This article must close with a reference to the death of Dr. Scott Dalglish, who long and ably presided over the literary department of this extensive establishment, and who died on Monday night last week after a short illness. He was a graduate of Edinburgh University, and the University of St. Andrews a few years ago conferred on him the degree of LL.D. As the literary adviser of Messrs. Nelson he was responsible for the form in which many of the excellent educational works and school-books of the firm were issued. Personally, he was the author of "Medieval England," "Great Authors of English Literature," "Higher Grade English," and numerous other school-books. For almost the last twenty years he was the principal *Times* correspondent for Scotland, and contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly*, the *British Quarterly*, and other publications. As a literary man he had great aptitude and was a particularly graceful writer.

W. M. G.



PARKSIDE WORKS.



MR. JOHN HARE.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.



MR. CHARLES GROVES.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

RIDICULUS MUS: A PLATONIC DIALOGUE.

MR. W. MAXEY; SOCRATES; "THE SKETCH" REPRESENTATIVE.

Of all *fin-de-siècle* paradoxes there is surely none more whimsical than the scientific breeding of mice. Perhaps this is the reason why the idea has "caught on," for, certes, without our trifling foolish whim or so (which may be, after all, but veiled wisdom), we should be crushed by the increasing seriousness of life. Dr. Ibsen has given us the Rat-Wife (a fiction veiling deep wisdom), and now I (writes a *Sketch* representative) am about to give you the Mouse-Man, a true tale whereof the wisdom is for the reader to discover.



QUEENIE II. AND LADY-IN-WAITING.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

"Hush, my dear Socrates," I replied, pulling him by the tunic, "you will soon get accustomed to the odour; and now let us converse with the master of the house touching his occupation."

"By all means," replied my friend, with a laugh. "Will you begin, or shall I?"

"Do you begin, pray," said I.

"Well, then, my excellent friend," began Socrates, "how do you call your occupation? Is it a science or an art?"

"I am a wire-worker to the trade," replied Mr. Maxey.

"Do you, O best of men," said Socrates, turning to me with a gesture of amused despair; "do you, pray, question this young man, for, by the dog! you are better able to do it than I. I shall listen and strive to acquire your method."

"Come, tell me, Mr. Maxey," said I, "how did the National Mouse Club originate?"

"It was this way. You see, a lot of the readers of *Fur and Feather* began to write and ask the Editor, 'Since there are Rabbit and Guinea-pig Clubs, why not a Mouse Club?' So eighteen months ago the National Mouse Club was started. Mr. W. Wild, of Oxford, had done as much as anyone for the fancy, and among lady fanciers the most prominent are Miss Dickinson and Miss C. J. Grimston."

"When was the first show?"

"In April 1895, at Lincoln. Then Queenie I. won the challenge cup, the first time it was competed for. Here's Queenie, what's left of her at least," and Mr. Maxey produced a glass case containing the stuffed remains of the famous "four-spotted" mouse. The fancier showed with pride the double row of regular black spots that adorned Queenie's white back.

"They never do look natural like, though, stuffed," Mr. Maxey observed regretfully, as he laid Queenie aside, and went to fetch a multitude of cages, ingeniously designed by himself, which contain his pets.

"It's said you have a thousand mice here, Mr. Maxey?"

"Ah, well, that's perhaps a bit overstated. Now see, here's Queenie II. She didn't win the challenge, but she got first and special at the People's Palace. Look, she's got babies just now," and Mr. Maxey, stirring the nest with his forefinger, revealed the interesting atoms. "One of 'em's got a saddle; see."

"What variety is most sought after?"

"Tortoiseshells. We've got one or two good specimens, but the black seems always to moult out. No, I can't explain it. Now, here's a black mouse. Black must be *raven* black, rich and glossy, in accordance with Club rules."

"What are some of the points of a good mouse?"

"Points differ, of course, with the variety. The white 'agouti,' for example, must have a mixture of fawn shading with black—what we call 'ticking.' The golden agouti must be red underneath. Size is a great point in all varieties, but fat is barred. The mouse must be long and racy. Fat is kept down by diet, but fawn mice will get fat in spite of one."

"Look here," Mr. Maxey went on, opening a cage and taking out a handsome little gentleman, "here's Sandy Bob."

Gratified to make Bob's acquaintance, I asked his record.

"He had first and special at Boston, and several others; but he's paling a bit, and would do nothing now in strong competition. See his

fine eyes, though, how they project—a great point. The bigger and bolder the eyes are, the better."

"What's that other stuffed mouse yonder, may I ask, Mr. Maxey?"

"That's Star of the East. His daughter Trilby, now dead also, was first at Northampton. Star of the East was grandsire to Queenie I., or Champion Queen, as we called her afterwards."

"Do you keep a complete record?"

"No, I get so tired—they're sent out such a lot o' times. Now here's Susan, a fawn-colour. Look what a lovely shiny coat she's got," cried the fancier with professional enthusiasm; "very short, and a good rich colour. I've just taken her from her babies. I'll do some good with her some day."

"That's a pretty black in that cage."

"Yes, that's Topsy; about the best black there is, in my opinion. She was beaten at one show, but not by much. She first had third at Lincoln; next, second at Beverley; and then first at Gloucester."

"Always going one better, I see."

"That's it, sir. She's a good one, is Topsy, and there's her daughter Fanny, lovely jet-black, tail and all. Daughter's just got some babies; let me see, one, two—eight in the litter—born yesterday, all doing well. Yes, take that down, sir; people will like to read that."

"Do you keep all the youngsters?"

"No, what I don't like I shall destroy."

"Do you keep only what will be good for show?"

"Not entirely—a mouse that would never do anything at a show may be first-rate for breeding purposes. But it's no good bringing up wasters."

"Are those your chocolate mice?" I inquired, as Mr. Maxey opened other cages.

"Yes, I've a splendid lot of chocolates. How true they do breed to colour. In this mouse club I can pair two fawns and two blacks and get a pure chocolate. See this chap—just like a lump o' chocolate—tail exactly the length of the body, body long and racy, peg-top head. Then there's the 'Dutch,' so called because it's exactly like a Dutch rabbit, and must have black cheeks, fine wedge-shaped blaze, white body, black saddle, only we've never got the saddle quite big enough yet."

"What are the chief colours you recognise?"

"The five 'self' colours—fawn, black, chocolate, white, and cream. Then come the broken colours."

"Is there any variety you cannot get?"

"Yes, blue. Once," said the mouse-fancier with lingering pathos, "when I was a little fellow, I got some *real* blue. I didn't know their value or anything about exhibitions then, but was taking care of them."

"Yes?" I queried as Mr. Maxey paused.

"Strange cat."

I sympathised. "Will you ever get the shade again?"

"We're tryin'," said Mr. Maxey hopefully.

At this point Socrates again joined in the conversation.

"In what parts of the country do they show these mice at the Games?" said he.

"There are no Games," I whispered; but Mr. Maxey was before me.

"There are mouse shows all over the country now, in England, Scotland, and Wales, but none in Ireland. They form part of the ordinary dog, cat, pigeon, and poultry shows."

"And what, pray, is the value of a good mouse?" Socrates pursued.

"The highest yet paid is two pounds ten. The hundred pound prices in catalogues were to prohibit purchase—mere fancy prices."

"And is it true that many of those who inhabit the western quarter of your city are willing to expend much money and time on this vermin?"

Mr. Maxey avowed that it was. He also, in his enthusiasm, spent much of his substance on this pursuit, and not only took, but generously gave prizes. "Although," he confessed, "my mother always says I do too much; but a man must have a hobby."

"Yes, indeed," began an old lady from an inner room, whereat Socrates plucked me by the sleeve and said, "Come, let us be going; but first let us sacrifice to Pasht and all the other gods of this place."

Seeing my friend's mood, I thanked our entertainer for his kindness and courtesy and hurried Socrates away before he could begin the sacrifice. He walked a long time by my side in silence. Then suddenly he paused, and exclaimed, "In my time the young men contended for rewards in the wrestling-ground and the stadion. Nowadays, I suppose, they have mice to wrestle and run races for them?"

I assured Socrates that such was not the case, but he seemed to doubt my word.

"For what, then," he asked, "do they give the rewards?"

"For the breed," said I.

"I fear," cried Socrates, "I shall never understand your way of life. It is time I returned to the Elysian Fields. Farewell!"

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Now I know just what you are;
Rouge and powder, gauze and tights,
In the glare of calcium lights.—*New York Herald.*

BEAUTIES OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.



MDILE. OTERO.



MDLLE. ANNA HELD.



MDLLE. MARIE DE LABOUNSKAYA.



MDLLE. BOÏÉ.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A POLAR PICNIC.*

Never did a merrier picnicking party set out on an expedition than Nansen and his twelve brave men on board the stout ship *Fram*. They were daring, roystering Norsemen, every one of them; each auspicious incident was hailed as an opportunity for jollification, whether it was the attainment of one degree further Northwards, some anniversary day at



OBSERVATION WITH SEXTANT AND ARTIFICIAL HORIZON, JULY 1895.

From "*Farthest North*."

home, their leader's birthday, the *Fram's*, or one of their own, which appear to have come unnecessarily frequently. Even when the ice crunched the *Fram* in its horrid maw, threatening to reduce the ship to matchwood, it was seized as an occasion to demolish their remaining stock of sweetmeats, cigars, and luxuries. It seemed to them hard to treasure up so long those goody-goodies, and he denied the opportunity of enjoying them. With such a crew of men the most adverse voyage must prove prosperous, and its prosperity was assured by Nansen's continual, almost omniscient, forethought. He spent, he tells us, three years in the conception of his expedition, three years in preparing for it, and three years in carrying it out. Compared to its predecessors, the voyage of the *Fram* was a regular Polar picnic. Thanks to Nansen's elaborate preparations, every obstacle was readily met and soon overcome; frost-bite, snow-blindness, scurvy, starvation, and shipwreck, which had wrought disaster and death in former expeditions, left this one untouched, and the *Fram*, after drifting three winters in the great Polar ice-sheet, right across the Arctic Ocean, came home with a lusty, healthy crew on board her, and the Norwegian flag flaunting victoriously from her foremast.

And now comes the chronicle of the voyage, in two thick tomes, handsomely got up, and profusely illustrated. Nansen has written his narrative as successfully as he designed his voyage. It is a fortunate circumstance that Nature has almost invariably endowed men of action with uncommon journalistic abilities, and she has made no exception of Nansen. He had the special advantage of knowing, too, that every incident, every adventure, every miraculous escape, and the more the better for his purpose, would be required of him by the public on his return, so he kept his eye, his camera, and his pen ever on the alert to record. His tale is not a scientific account of facts, nor is it a narrative of the voyage; it is much more a vivid autobiographical diary of his impressions, emotions, doubts, and dreads.

On every hand one hears people asking what Nansen has done that England, nay, even Europe, should make all this fuss over him. It is true that, in his approach to the North Pole, Nansen has exceeded the records of former Arctic explorers by only a few miles; but it is not therein that his merit lies. Nor does his claim to fame rest on the masterly execution of his voyage; it lies in the fact that he has demonstrated to the world at large,

and for all coming time, the conditions and laws to which the great ice-covered sea surrounding the North Pole is subject. Without exaggeration, one may say he has brought the Arctic Ocean, with the Pole in its centre, within the scope of Cook's excursions. It is not beyond the possibilities of the near future that restless souls, hungering for adventure and fresh sensations, using this great book of Nansen's as a guide and companion, may sail through the Strait of Behring, and, with their vessel locked in the ice-sheet, drift slowly westwards, by the Pole or near it, and emerge to be set free on the east coast of Greenland. The westward drift of the ice-sheet is Nansen's great law, and to him belongs the entire credit of suggesting and employing the ice as an Arctic raft. The law of gravitation was born in a falling apple, and this small law of Nansen's was brought into existence by a few tiny remnants of Gordon Bennett's ill-fated *Jeannette* expedition which floated to the coast of Greenland.

These tiny remnants gave rise to the expedition and to this great book. When outward bound, Nansen found the poor, struggling, hardy peasants of Norway, who had fitted out the expedition, crowding the fiords to see him pass to put his theory to the touch of practice, and he felt how hard it was to receive homage before homage was due. He felt the eyes of Europe were upon him, and ignominy was his reward if he failed. Faith in himself, in his lucky star—for, curiously enough, our modern Viking is somewhat superstitious—in the truth of his theory, never failed him; yet, in ever-recurring anxious moments, he had to steel himself with his philosophy. But philosophy, at the best of times, is a poor bulwark to faith, and Nansen found it so. "Before every decisive resolution, the die of death must be cast," he said to himself when a dangerous move had to be made to avoid disaster, and when the successful issue of his exploit seemed more than doubtful he laid the solacing unction to his soul, "to love truth more than victory."

Is it not a curious thing that at the present moment all Europe should hang upon the words of two Norwegians—Ibsen and Nansen? Nansen reveals himself freely to the reader throughout his book, and there is much in it that is peculiar to the Norsemen. No people, when abroad, are wrung with home-sickness so sadly as the Norwegians, and Nansen's dreams were always of the pine-clad, sunlit fiords, with the church-bells ringing time to the boatmen's oars. Day-dreams of his wife and child, his never-wearying urgency to get back to them, his frequent recourse to old home-letters—all these things, especially their free expression, mark his book as peculiarly the work of a Norwegian. He keeps nothing back, and the trait which strikes one more than another is his free confession of a lost love for his former profession as a zoologist. He found in the voyage recourse to his old instrument the microscope irksome, his old friends the lowly crustacea and fishes dreary, and the paths of a biologist too narrow. No wonder. Nansen's energy is Napoleonic; his ambition is great, and demands free rein, and his powers of physical endurance are titanic, and for these a naturalist's life gives no possible means of dissipation. His and Johansen's fifteen months' journey on the ice, after they had left the *Fram*, can, as a physical feat, be matched in the annals of adventure only by his own tramp across Greenland. There is no need to recapitulate the many critical moments the expedition passed through, the many hair-breadth escapes, the vivid pictures of the plains of ice, and the masterly description of the weird and beautiful phenomena of the Arctic sky. They can be best enjoyed in Nansen's own setting.

THE "*FRAM*" WHEN DUG OUT OF THE PRESSURE MOUND, AT THE END OF MARCH 1895.From "*Farthest North*."

* Fridtjof Nansen's "*Farthest North*," being the record of a voyage of exploration of the ship *Fram* 1893-96, and of a fifteen months' sleigh journey by Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen, with an Appendix by Otto Sverdrup, Captain of the *Fram*. London: Archibald Constable and Co. 2 Vols.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE KING: Ah! how are you? I am Ju-Ju, de King of Benin.
 JACK TAR: Oh no, you ain't; you're 'is corpse! (*Bang!*)



JONES: Well, old pal, I am very glad to meet you. 'Ow are things going with you? You look quite the swell.

BROWN: Gone into business, George—doing very well.

JONES: Ah! what is it—Kaffirs?

BROWN: Oh, no! Delineation of character. Send thirteen stamps, and have it by return.

JONES: What, 'andwriting? Thought that was played out.

BROWN: Handwriting! Pooh! Nothing of the sort. Old boots, that's how I do it.

JONES: Old boots?

BROWN: Yes. Send a pair of old boots and thirteen stamps. Your character accurately drawn by careful and philosophical deductions founded on the protuberances, lines, and creases in the boots. Never fails. The grandest discovery of the age. Don't want to buy any old boots, do you? Got a few tons to sell cheap.



What maid is this..
whose soul enchanting
voice fires my dull
heart with rapture.

Odds blades!
the choir boy
from St Jacques

Sweet maiden
let me but.
for one
moment ...
behold thy.
face ...



OLD LADY (*Blue Ribbon*): Do you drink, my good man?

RUSTIC: Thank 'ee, Mum, thank 'ee, Mum; a little drop o' Irish 'ot, Mum, would do me nicely, Mum!

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE PRELUDE TO A LIFE.

BY MAYNE LINDSAY.

It was raining; not hard, but a soft, whispering downfall that blurred the outlines of the hills, crowned with glory of deodar and rhododendron, and hardly flecked the smooth surface of the lake that they held between them. The hillside was sodden with much rain, and the water oozed and squeaked from under rotten leaves and brushwood, and dripped incessantly from the tree-ferns and the overhanging ridges, festooned with weeds and maidenhair. A mist rolled slowly up the lake, blotting out everything as it crept along, and blending the green of the hillsides with the slate-colour of the sky above.

The Mall and the Assembly Rooms were deserted: only a few natives, under the leaf-covered baskets that served them for shelter, were paddling forlornly about the roads, and some saises were leading ponies away from the empty polo-ground. There had been play, for the ground was covered with hoof-marks, not yet obliterated by the fingers of the rain; but players and spectators had been alike vanquished by the rain, and had disappeared homewards half an hour since. The only two Europeans out in the dreary afternoon were a young man and a girl, who had sheltered under a rock that overhung a hill-path some thirty feet above the water. The path wound up through the undergrowth that crowded upon it; but the nook beneath the rock looked out upon the lake through the topmost branches of the trees that clothed the steep below. It was sheltered by the ferns as well as the rock, and it had a little less than its share of the general dampness.

The girl sat with hands clasped round her knees, sailor-hat tilted over her eyes, and damp hair straggling about her forehead. She was looking across the lake at the hills above and beyond it, and the other, who, by his smooth young face, was hardly more than a boy, was looking at her. He had been playing polo: his white breeches and long boots were splashed and stained, and there was a glimpse of a jersey under the covert-coat. He was thin and white, and his eyes were anxious.

"You are always right," he said. "And if you were not, I should still believe in you. But—is the thing so impossible?"

"It is impossible," she said. "I dare not do it. I dare not take the best of you now, giving my base metal for your gold, and say, 'This is my portion—only mine.' Do not mistake my meaning. I love you as well as I am able, but the mightiest love that I can produce is not fit to be weighed in the scale against yours. This is not my fault; it is my misfortune—the result, I think sometimes, of my upbringing. Thank God, I can see my limitations. And to tie you to me now would be to cripple you for life, and, in the end, to damn both of us. This is your first love, you say. It has been born too soon; it may not come to fruition. Neither shall it be poured out for me, who am unworthy. Driven back into your heart again, it will leave the power you now expend upon it to be used to better purpose."

"You and I differ in our estimates of you," he said. "You paint yourself all weakness, all hollowiness, all contradiction; and yet here to my power, as you are pleased to call it, you oppose a will so strong and inflexible that nothing I can do will bend it."

"That is because I love you," she said. "It is the utmost I can do—my supreme effort. If I loved you a little less, if my eyes were not gifted for the time with this inner sight— But, there—let us put aside sentimental considerations for a moment, and think of what it means from the worldly point of view. Aren't you penniless? Am I not thriftless, and destitute of that femininity—I can't define it better—that most women get as their birthright? There's a superficial cleverness about me which you, in your honest heart, admire; but how far does it take me to getting sixteen annas for my rupee or putting a tidy hem to a dish-cloth? I *can't* worry over these things in the approved housewifely fashion; it's not in me. Trifles? No, those are the realities of life. And even granting that love could teach me these things, which I doubt, still you could not do it. Wouldn't you have to leave the regiment, and give up your place among your equals, and lose your right to let men know you for what you are?"

"I can't put aside the consideration that I love you better than all these things," he said slowly. "It is the finest regiment on earth, I admit; but you are the only woman. Well, yes, it would mean poverty; that is why I am a madman to ask you to share it. But you are not afraid of that."

"Oh yes, I am," she said. "I am an arrant coward in addition to my other shortcomings. Only I could do with it because I have never known anything better. You don't know what it is, really. You have a bother to meet your bills sometimes, and that is bad, but they are paid somehow, and you don't have to do actually anything less than what the others do—men who have money and interest to set against your brains. You sleep badly now and then, because you don't know how you are going to meet the shroff's eye, or to afford your subscription to the four-in-hand or the mess-tent at the races; but you scrape through, and you are not irrevocably in debt. Given time and no millstone round your neck, you will keep level, and then you will begin to forge ahead. It is hard for a man to rise by sheer worth, but it is possible, only he must have a free hand, and no one to think of but himself. The Colonel knows your financial difficulties well enough, but he shuts his eyes to them because you are his most promising officer, and there is nothing so far

that will not 'dry right' in time. Subalterns generally scramble out of these quagmires cleanly enough. But married—! The aspect would change at once. You couldn't be singular in keeping only your charger, in not hunting, in not playing polo, in keeping away from all the amusements of the station, and likewise from the notice of men, which is necessary to your future. That is not permitted in the finest regiment on earth. So you would go to some third-rate regiment in a poky station until time and opportunity have slipped past you. Oh, yes, I know only too well how I should drag you down. And even though you were still as good as other men, even perhaps a little better, I should know what you had missed, and why. Perhaps it is that I am too proud for you to give up the best of your life for me. That must be it. Yes, I am too proud."

"Why should we not wait?"

"Why indeed? Well, since you must have it, I have pictured it often enough. I have seen you, in the flush of your youth, at the outset of your career—and I believe that career will be a high one—set down to wait for a distant happiness. You don't see me: I am removed. I see you afraid to venture this move or that move—and you know there are always risks in the life-game—because you are waiting. I see you dulled to what is going on round you, dulled to the present need and the present opportunity, because you are waiting. I see you waiting on without regret, and gradually, gradually, the spirit is sapped out of you, the ambition to be anything but as other men are. The fine temper that is in you now is numbed; and after that there remains mediocrity, which in you would be failure. So when you hold your desire at last, all the rest has slipped by for ever. You will never pick up that lost time, nor replace the intangible barrier that sets you apart now. That is the worst of you—you are too highly strung for rough usage. And for the man you should be, there will only be a somebody in the ruck. Whereas you were made for the van."

"I don't understand."

"No, that is my part. And then, again, there is my side to look upon. I am to go away from you, and to be without you for years and years. I shall never forget you; I shall not cease to love you; I shall always think of you tenderly and hungrily, because I am your love and you are mine. But, at the same time, I am only myself, a poor, patchy, inconsistent thing. Other people stronger than I will come by, and influence me more because they are near than you at a distance—not because they can dim the love for you, understand. I shall do things unworthy of you, and then I shall feel how little I deserve you, and I shall write mad things and break your heart. I know myself in this. I have heard it said that the very love in a man will drive him sometimes to be false to the absent woman. Perhaps my character is analogous. I know that even with your name on my lips I shall betray you, and I know that the more tightly you are bound to me the greater will be my punishment. Who knows who will cross my path when you are away? Someone will slip into the place beside me, and *because* of the loneliness of my love for you, *because* there is no one but you, I shall let him in, not to my heart, but to the outer place that is so often mistaken for it."

She had her hands still clasped round her knees, and she was still looking out from the rock's shadow at the hills that watched the little human play enacted below. The boy put a cold hand upon hers, twisted the other arm round her neck, and lifted her face away from the outer world until her eyes looked up to his.

"Can you do without me?" he said.

She wrenched herself away and burst into a wild fit of crying. Her breast rose and fell with each sob, and from the edge of the rock the water dripped down upon the bent head and heaving shoulders. It was all pitifully in keeping with the dreary afternoon and the desolation of the sodden hillside.

"Oh, my God, what a brute I am!" he said. "My darling—listen. Ah, stop crying; you make my heart bleed. I cannot assent to what you say of yourself; I cannot follow what you say of me. You are more sensitive than I; you catch sounds and signs where I neither hear nor see. But I have learned enough to know that I only torture you by my persistence, and that I do not move you one inch from your position. It is your wish that we should part, and so it must be, and, perhaps, some day I shall understand. I know that you are making a great sacrifice, and that it is for me; you will forgive me if I cannot yet see clearly wherein is the urgent necessity. I am refused, not as other men are, for heartlessness, or wantonness, but because my love has the soul of a true woman and a conscience too tender for this world. I love you too well to hurt you again. So—I go. But you need not think I shall ever be convinced of your unfaith, or that you are not true in deed and word. You stooped to me in your condescension; you made me your lover for always. I love you—I worship you, and I hold it to my honour to have had your love."

He put his arm round her again, and drew her head down to his shoulder, and her sobs shook him as they sat thus. Presently the sobs became fewer, and then came only at long intervals. She nestled her face into the breast of the damp covert-coat, and they were both very still, except that once he bent and kissed her forehead. The mist had blotted out all the lake now, and was rising up about them, drawing a curtain that shut them off from even the watching hills.

She spoke at last.

"It must be. I am not worth it—not worth your love. And you will be a better man—yes, and in the end a happier one. Believe in me

if you will; at least, it can do no harm now that we are to be apart. Hold me close for a minute, since it is the end. . . . Oh! where could the world show another such lover?"

And from the future that was closing down upon them she plucked the veil savagely.

"I am glad! Yes, I am glad to lose you!"

"You're tired. Suppose we sit it out instead of dancing?"

"Yes, that will do," said the girl. "I am tired."

The music had begun before the man spoke, and two or three couples swept into the ball-room as he crossed it, with the girl on his arm. "Santiago" clashed from an alcove, rising and falling, and the murmur of voices from dancers hurrying back from staircase and hall mixed with the refrain. It was a stuffy night, gemmed outside with the lights of the street and of carriages moving slowly before the entrance, and crowded within by a London semi-fashionable throng bent, in a bored way, upon amusement. The big hall, green with palms and dark with carved oak, was full of a kaleidoscopic mixture of bright dresses, expansive shirt-fronts, babble of voices and laughter; and beyond there was a glimpse of the supper-room, starred with lights and resounding with the jingle of plates and glasses. The girl and the man walked through together, and down a corridor to a couple of chairs in the shelter of a Japanese screen. Opposite them a French window framed a patch of garden hung about with paper lanterns, and above that came dusky tree-tops and the stars.

The girl, who was the girl of the hillside, leaned back in her chair and twisted a fan about with restless fingers. Certainly, at the moment, she looked tired. The man twirled his moustache up, first one side and then the other. It was touched with grey, and his hair was flecked too; but his face was that of a man in his prime—masterful, square-jawed, and obstinate. There was a deep line from nostril to mouth-corner, and his hands were strong and shapely. He crossed his legs, tilted his chair back until he could watch the girl's profile without being guilty of staring, and spoke.

"I believe you wanted to speak to me?"

"People take it for granted that I am—am—going to marry you. It is intolerable."

"Ah!" He dropped his moustache and tilted the chair back a little more. "Why intolerable? I am told I am a most eligible person." She twisted the fan nervously.

"I dare say. I do not want to discuss your eligibility. That is a matter which does not concern me. What does concern me is that I will not be made the subject of these rumours. You know how they come about, and where the remedy lies."

"Said remedy being, of course, my extinction, self-produced? I know a better one."

"No."

"Don't be in too much of a hurry with that negative. Consider a moment. Is it all due to my persistence and my constant presence? Doesn't some of it come from a casual interest that you take in me, and that shows itself, as these things will, to a too-observant world?"

"I am not in the least in love with you, if that is what you mean."

"Oh no, not at all. I am in love with you, and that suffices—for the present. But still, you take an interest, all the same."

"I suppose so. It is that you fascinate me somehow, and your obstinacy frightens me. I never met a man who was so little moved by my wishes and my words."

"Excuse me; I shall have the greatest pleasure in gratifying some of your wishes."

"Meaning, if I want a toy out of a shop-window. My wish is that you take 'no' for an answer and go away."

"And that is what I will not do. No; I love you, and I am going to marry you. Let there be no mistake about it. My love may seem rather brutal—men's passions are brutal under some conditions—but it is a solid affair, and it will give you something firm to lean upon and to stand by. You will find me a fairly easy husband when you have realised the futility of pouting at the inevitable. There is the tender side to my love that will give you much, be proud of you, cherish you, and stick to you. I'm not a small-minded person, and I am wonderfully easy to deal with when I have my own way. That will not be very difficult to give. It only wants—you."

"But why—why—why?" said the girl. "Why should I give myself to you? Just to please your passion? I am not much of a woman, but I have a soul of sorts."

"Well, partly, I suppose. You don't expect a man to make love violently to establish a Platonic friendship, do you? But I am not a brute, though I am a man. I have watched you since we met, and I have got your character off fairly well. You are undecided about most things; you are obstinate in a weak fashion; you have a supersensitive character that gives you a great deal of pain; and the weapons with which you essay to fight a rough world cut your own hands when you use them. Come to me. I will do the fighting. I will lead, and, instead of falling back upon your own judgment, too shifting to be reliable, you will have me always behind you to turn to. Instead of rushing from one extreme to another, from over-reserve to indiscreet confidence, from a profound mistrust in yourself to a headlong dash in the wrong direction, you will find that I shall restore the necessary balance, and make you less morbidly anxious about yourself, and incomparably more happy. As to the love, that will come. I fascinate you, you say. You take a fearful pride in the thought that I am your lover, because I am a lover in whom a

woman may well be proud. Yes, I don't care to sham becoming modesty just now. And that pride will father a love as strong as most women bear to their husbands. I don't disgust you; far from it. If you will remember, I kissed you once, and you—"

"That is brutal."

"No, it is only the truth; and this is the time for plain speaking."

The conversation paused for a little. The fan twirled on, and then said the girl:

"This is all very kind and disinterested of you, no doubt; but there are plenty of other indecisive women in the world sorely in need of backing. Go and help them."

"As I said before, I love you; hence the present situation. You don't see why I should, for you are not particularly beautiful, you are stiff-necked, you are not at all domesticated. Well, I am so far in love that I can't consider why, except it be that there is a barrier of unapproachableness about you that I long to beat down. I want to stir you out of that cold-blooded indifference that you affect. I do not believe in it either, for you are not likely to have come to your present age without there having been some other fellow."

She turned upon him.

"Well! That is true; there was another man. He loved me with an unselfish devotion beside which this love of yours is unspeakable. He left me because he would not tempt me against my conscience. You don't care a button whether I violate my own sense of decency or not."

"Extravagance again!" he said. "I will uproot that peculiar standard of yours and set up one better fitted for wear and tear. He loved you unselfishly, did he? So much the less man he."

"I will not let you speak of him. He is dead to me, and holy for that reason, if for no other."

"Forgive me," said the man, bending towards her. "God knows, I would not hurt you for the world. If that man could love you as a man loves, and yet conquer the mad longing that I have now to hold you in my arms, he must have been very noble, and worthy whatsoever you gave him."

"He was more than worthy. He was too good for it."

"No man could be too good for that rare smile of yours, or for your kiss. You would honour him beyond his deserts. Ah, my sweetheart, do you think I don't worship you, too? You are the sweetest, the dearest, the snow-purest of women, and you have all my homage, all my love, all my desire to shield you and help you. God knows, I am no saint, but I am not afraid for this love of mine. I never loved another woman in this fashion. You want peace? Then find it in my arms."

He held them out, and bent towards her. His eyes, that could be so hard and unrelenting, were soft and pleading now. They were alone in the dim light of the corridor; there was no one to see or care, and his face and attitude asked plainer than words. A strong man in his pride humbling himself to ask this thing from her. And what was it that she guarded, after all? A turbulent, restless self, always at war, always tired of strife, always crooked of path and purpose: a very worthless thing, when all was said and done. There passed through her mind the vision of life with him beside her; a life with some high ideals shattered, perhaps, but with many torturing doubts and difficulties ended. What did it matter, after all, the fantastic isolation she had striven for? It was not good to be alone. And then, that passion might not stir her love, but it thrilled the fibres of her being as a woman. Into the holy of holies he might not penetrate; that was closed for evermore; but he could fill the outer room and absorb her storm-tossed spirit into his, as the river absorbs the brook.

"No, no!" she said, pushing him away. But the resistance was faint, and in another second his lips were on hers, and in that contact, perforce, she gave the betrothal kiss. In the moment of defeat she found time to learn that there was pleasure in the surrender. He put his arms round her and held her to him strongly, sheltering her face with his own, and letting her heart throb against his. Then he released her, and, as in another far-off supreme moment, she burst into tears.

"My darling," he said tenderly. "Choke back the tears; this is not the time or place . . . I will leave you for a moment."

He walked away towards the end of the corridor, and she stood up, leaning against the window and letting the night air fan her burning face.

"And so it ends!" she said. "As I feared—as I knew. Oh, my love, my love, you did well to leave me! A little bitterness, a little longing when we are young, a little futile searching for work—and then we go with the drove." A woman says that, and it is true. Who can fight such a one-sided battle? Oh, that I had been born anything but a woman, and anywhen rather than in this present time! A hundred years back I should not have known; a hundred years hence perhaps there will be something better to safeguard us than a man's caprice. As it is—and as I am—"

The man came back. He took her hands in his and looked into her face.

"Poor child!" he said. "Never did anyone torment you with kindlier intention. Don't be afraid; I am not going to touch you till you give me leave. Your face is still tear-stained a little; give me your handkerchief. I found your sister in the hall; she is just going, and you can slip away with her. I have your cloak on the chair yonder. Don't be afraid of what people may say: nobody will think or talk this time—I have managed that."

She stood quietly while he put her cloak round her, fastened it with deft fingers, and put a lace wrap over her hair, knotting it below her chin. Then he looked at her wistfully.

"Perhaps you will give me a kiss of your own accord?"

And, for answer, she lifted her face to his like a child, and kissed him submissively.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JOHN HUNTER'S HOUSE.

When about thirty years ago what remained of the old "Sablonière Hotel," at the south-east corner of Leicester Square, was pulled down for the transfer of Archbishop Tenison's Schools from the back of the old National Gallery, Hogarth's favourite town house, where he



JOHN HUNTER'S HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

lived, and to which he drove from Chiswick in the autumn of 1764 to die, ceased to exist, except as an antiquarian memory. At that time (the early 'sixties), two doors northward, and next door to the present Alhambra, a large house, No. 28—another of the historical buildings in the most interesting square in London—was in the possession of the West Middlesex Volunteers, who used it as a military club and a drill-hall, for which it was admirably adapted. The house in front was a spacious building, of the kind which agents dignify with the name of "mansion." The great hall in the centre, with a lofty triangular roof, and a gallery running round the walls about half-way up, was the centre block, and a small house at the back in Castle Street (now widened to a broad thoroughfare, and called Charing Cross Road) completed the accommodation provided for the tenants. The mansion in front, No. 28, with an apex roof, was one of the fine residential houses which adorned Leicester Square in the middle of the last century. This was the house which John Hunter, the greatest surgeon that ever lived—the Shakspeare of his profession—became the owner of in 1783, with the ground, or garden, behind it as far as the house in Castle Street, which he bought at the same time. On the intermediate ground or garden he built the hall before spoken of, and here he removed his Museum of Comparative and Pathological Anatomy from his dwelling in Jermyn Street, where the room at his disposal was far too limited. It is a curious fact, never, I believe, before noted, that seventy-three years earlier (in 1710) Sir Isaac Newton removed from the same Jermyn Street into Leicester Square or Fields, going about two doors down St. Martin's Street, on the left, to a house once occupied by the Danish Ambassador. Hunter used the hall he built as a lecture theatre as well as a museum, and the little house in Castle Street for class-rooms, where he received such old pupils as Abernethy, Astley Cooper, Guy, of Chichester, Dr. Physick, of Philadelphia, Cline, Home, Lynn, Carlisle, and William Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination. Jenner was his most intimate friend and pupil. Hunter, who had a menagerie at Earl's Court, collected for scientific investigation, set Jenner the most peculiar tasks—the study of the habits of cuckoos, toads, beetles, hedgehogs, and the collection of specimens, living or dead, for experiment or for the museum. Both men were familiar with vivisection, and both were friends and customers of the "body-snatchers." Hunter was a good paymaster. He made about six thousand pounds a-year by private practice, and spent it in his pursuit of scientific truth. He paid any price for the body of a monstrosity, or anything that would enable him to create a link in the chain of anatomical evidence. Showmen came to him with birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles at his workshop door in Castle Street, while "society" flocked into the rooms of the mansion in front—the famous 28—to Mrs. Hunter's receptions, to hear her songs, set to music by the friendly Haydn. Sir Joshua Reynolds came over from his house, No. 47, on the opposite side of the Square, and eventually painted the great doctor—one of the best in an unequalled series of portraits. On gala nights Hunter slunk through his guests on the broad staircase to his room at the top of the house, where he allowed himself four hours' sleep, and not even that on the nights when he expected at the back an interesting delivery from the "resurrection men." He tried to buy the reversion of the body of O'Brien, the Irish Giant, but failed, as the giant had a horror of being dissected. On his death-bed, the giant arranged, as he thought, for his body to be cast into the sea beyond the Nore, but Hunter bribed the undertaker, the undertaker bribed others, the body was taken from the coffin, and a paving-stone, of the exact weight, received the rites of salt-water burial. The eight-foot "remains" were delivered at the back door in Castle Street, at the dead of night, and at daybreak Hunter took them to Earl's Court in his brougham, where he cast them into the copper to boil the flesh off the bones, and afterwards articulated the skeleton. It was five years before he dared to admit that he possessed this treasure and could put it openly in his museum. He alluded to it cautiously as "a tall man." When Hunter died he left little to his family but this museum, and, after several years' higgling, at

a time when the wire-pullers of the Treasury thought more of gunpowder than science, the collection was bought by the State for £15,000, and removed from Leicester Square and Castle Street to the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. His houses and museum, which have been a music-store for a quarter of a century, and narrowly escaped being an annexe of the Alhambra in 1866, will soon be removed from the face of the earth and forgotten, except for the immortality bestowed upon them by Stevenson, the novelist, who is said to have chosen them as the scene of his story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Hunter, through the poverty of his widow, was saved from being included among the very mixed company at Westminster Abbey; but the Society of Arts might have had the cheap decency of honouring No. 28 with one of its *in memoriam* tablets.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

TWO PICTURES.

THE GIRL.

"Even such Love is."

And she closed the book with a sigh—a happy sigh of expectancy, and, closing it, her fingers dwelt lovingly and caressingly on the smooth blue cover.

"Even such Love is." She repeated the words softly to herself, and those that led up to them. No need to read them, she knew them well, and they were these—

Sometimes thou seemst not as thyself alone,
But as the meaning of all things that are;
A breathless wonder, shadowing forth afar
Some heavenly solstice hushed and halcyon,
Whose eyes the sun-gate of the soul unbar,
Being of its furthest fires oracular—
The evident heart of all life sown and mown.
Even such Love is.

"Yes, and even so shall my Love be," she mused, lying back in her chair, with the closed book resting on her knees, and her wide-open eyes gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

And it was thus that she dreamed of the beautiful Mystery of Love.

The last month of the tired year was still in its first youth. Outside was a sharp frost, but inside the fire burned cheerily, throwing a bright red glow all over the pretty room, which was fast becoming dark. The brightest light of all was thrown on to a picture. It was a simple photograph, a head by Henner. Her fancy had been taken by it; some subtle fascination had drawn her and made her care for this picture. The beautiful white face, with the hood austere covering the head. But it was the eyes, large, clear, and brown, looking straight ahead as if they saw all and knew all. Life held no more secrets for the woman with those eyes.

"But as the meaning of all things that are."

"You have made me understand," said the girl, talking to the picture, still with the same absorbed look on her face. "You have made me understand."

"Even so shall my Love be," she repeated again.

The girl was eighteen.

THE WOMAN.

Seven years later the scene had changed, and the surroundings were different. The girl of eighteen was now the woman of twenty-five. Only seven years out of so many!

The serious face was still serious, only more so; but the eager look of expectancy had gone. Knowledge had come. Life had come. Love, too, had come—and gone. And the woman knew what the girl had not. The eyes of "Fabiola" were hers now: she had seen and known.

She understood even better now.

Had that knowledge brought happiness?

Again she was alone.

She looked round the room. It was not the cosy little room of seven years ago. Seven years! And once she had been a girl of eighteen and dreamed of infinite possibilities. Ah, those years! Sometimes they seemed so short, sometimes so long.

Again it was December, the same season of the year, but not the same. A meagre fire burned in the grate; the floor was uncarpeted save for a narrow strip which stood by the side of the bed. Yet there was one link with the past, and only one. Her picture of "Fabiola" hung just over a wooden table—a table on which a type-writer stood. The woman glanced at the clock. It pointed to ten minutes past eleven. And then she looked, oh, so wearily! at the type-writer.

But still she mused, sitting close, close to the meagre fire.

"Whence came his feet into my field, and why?" she said bitterly to herself. "Oh, why?"

Ah, Life! and must I have from thee at last
No smile to greet me and no babe but this?

And so saying, she passed her hand over her forehead, and then pushed her fingers slowly through her hair, still soft and wavy, but which here and there was streaked with grey.

In a few moments she rose and sat down before her type-writer.

The name of the woman was Might-have-Been, and the Babe was called Regret.

But only the sorrowful knew.

A. A.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"The Little Regiment" (Heinemann), Mr. Stephen Crane's new book, probably contains the studies for the work that made his fame, "The Red Badge of Courage." The tales are all of the American Civil War. There are two masterpieces among them. The rest would be highly creditable to most other young writers, and, if one withholds from them warmer praise, it is because they depend for their chief interest on incident, and that is not Mr. Crane's strong point. His power is a rare, a quite uncanny way of rendering sensations, both mental and physical. He makes these do the part of actions and conscious thought in revealing the personality of his characters. So it was in "Maggie," the story of the New York girl, the events of whose miserable outward existence seem only a commentary on her inner drama; and so it is with his war-tales. Actions count with him, and are entered on his register, but only in conjunction with the inner vision and the inner adventures of the soul at the time, and often in complete subordination to these. Description has been, for the most part, deemed a flat and weary department of literature. Mr. Crane, adopting with success a modern method—and no one has used it with more skill—takes away the reproach from descriptive passages, perhaps because he makes no attempt at completeness and eliminates all save that which is forcing itself upon his eyes and nerves at the moment. Thus a scene becomes a personal matter—a matter of feeling, not a mere eloquent inventory of objects. So far as we know over here, there is no other young American novelist of equal promise, and among our own young writers of fiction there are but few to whom we can point as combining the same artistic precocity with equal intellectual power. Painter of sensations, as he is, what will he make of his late dangerous adventures at sea when he comes to treat them seriously?

Mr. Henry James lately surprised his readers by dealing with a murder theme. He is extending his study of crimes. "The Spoils of Poynton" (Heinemann) treats of theft. But, as in "The Other House" the murder was most elegantly managed, so in its successor the theft must win the sympathy of every reader of æsthetic sensibilities. Poynton is a heaven on earth, otherwise an English country house, that has grown to perfection in obedience to a woman with an exquisite sense of beauty, of the fitting, of the harmonious. Her son is a delightful fool. His taste shows itself in the choice of a dreadful young woman for a wife, exuberantly healthy, a noisy hoyden, a brainless Philistine. Who would not aid and abet her mother-in-law-to-be when that fine soul sees herself retreating to a cramped and ugly little dower-house, with the dreadful Philistine left as guardian of the Poynton treasures? The raid on these, the contest between the two parties, the introduction of a new element in the shape of a young woman of taste and judgment fine enough to place her æsthetically on the mother's side, of morality stout enough to shift her over to the Philistine's side, and of a heart so susceptible to the stupid young man's real charms as to muddle her completely—all these make a delicious comedy. It is redeemed from mere elegant farce by the genuine pathos of the scenes where the finer heroine is the prey of both her conscience and her heart. Mr. James may perhaps be told that he should have finished off the whole thing in a short story. But if he has taken a whole volume to tell it, he has the more room to be amusing. In his laughter at humankind there is no sting.

The translations of Björnson, which Mr. Heinemann is bringing out under the general editorship of Mr. Gosse, are of very different degrees of interest and value. Björnson is, perhaps, too big and vital a man to be a great novelist. He refuses to limit his outlook on life, and will not cease to be theorist and fighter and preacher because he happens to have some creative power. So he has crammed all his experiments in thinking into his novels, and fought his way to clear opinions by expressing his views in their rude, raw state through the mouth of his characters. The result is highly unsatisfactory for art; but Björnson has, no doubt, reaped the benefit, and his biographers should have an easy task in tracing the history of his mind. "Magnhild," the latest novel given us in English, is a poor and unconvincing story. We can count in our country every year by the score those that reach a higher level both of thought and workmanship. But it merits some attention. First, it is followed by a really notable tale, "Dust," a presentment of the old contest between thought and sentiment. And, secondly, "Magnhild" is, at least, the collateral ancestor of much of the New Woman fiction of to-day. It is more than twenty years since it was written; it is far earlier than the author's "Heritage of the Kurts." It is timid and halting, and not a bit more pleasant because of its hesitations; but in its central figure, the chaotic, vaguely discontented woman, silently striving against a marriage bond, and breaking loose at last, we have the grand-aunt of the "Keynotes" heroines.

Mr. G. F. Chambers has written a popular book on the only scientific subject in which everybody is interested. "The Story of the Weather," one of an excellent series of manuals addressed by the learned to the person of average intelligence and ignorance, published by Sir George Newnes, is an admirable proof of the possible union of scientific accuracy and intelligible speech. Under Mr. Chambers's human exposition, hygrometers and anemometers lose some of their hopeless aloofness from the common man's understanding; while the collection of weather-signs and predictions at the end which he allows us to cherish, or encourages us to test, completely wins our hearts, for to most of us a rhyme is worth a dozen reasons.

John Stuart Mill's "Early Essays" have been reprinted in "Bohn's Library." The editor, Mr. J. W. M. Gibbs, picked them from Mill's contributions to the Press between 1829 and 1844, when he published his first book. Some of the articles had been printed by him in "Essays on Some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy" and in "Dissertations and Discussions"; but others, especially on literary subjects, he never republished, having no very high opinion of his powers as a literary critic. It was worth picking them out from the old columns of the *London Review* and the *Westminster Review*, if only as a revelation of Mill himself, of his gentleness, his scrupulous honesty, to friend as well as to opponent, of his strong belief in the lastingness of the ideal element in human life, independent of beliefs. "Let our philosophical system be what it may," he says, "human feelings exist, human nature, with all its enjoyments and sufferings, its strugglings, its victories, defeats, still remains to us; and these are the materials of poetry." It is a revelation also on his modesty, as in the extremely conscientious essay on the hopeless subject, "What is Poetry?" which he says would not have been deemed worthy of publication in any country but one in which the philosophy of art is completely neglected. o. o.

"AND THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND."

If you happened to pass by the Museum of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen at noon on Midsummer Day, you would see a great crowd of people assembled in front of it. As twelve strikes, two wind-instrument players appear on the lower roof of the Museum, and play some melodies



A LUR-PLAYER.

Drawn by Dr. Angul Hammerick.

on two curious bronze trumpets, technically known as "lurs." They have a strange history. They belong to a collection of lurs in the Museum of Northern Antiquities, and represent the oldest musical instruments handed down to us. In spite of their antiquity, however, they are so excellently preserved that they have retained their original shape, and are to this day perfectly fit for use. They belong to the later "Bronze Period," and are thus about two thousand five hundred years old. No light whatever is thrown upon the music history of this period. We are quite destitute of authentic papers regarding the music of those times, and the prehistoric musical instruments which are to be found scattered all over the world, in all the different museums, are chiefly fragments, or, at least, in so fragile a condition that they cannot be experimented with, so no decisive inferences can be obtained from them. But while these fragments give us little or no information regarding the prehistoric tones—their power, colour, and general character—the bronze lurs give us full information on these points; in fact, we can reproduce on them the same tones which sounded thousands of years ago. The lurs are found in the bogs, and we are indebted to the preservative power of the peat-water for the excellent condition in which these antiquities have been handed down to us. The lurs are found only in Scandinavia, the majority of them being found in Denmark.

Twenty-three of them are extant, fourteen in a quite perfect condition. The Museum of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen possesses ten, and they are all alike. The horn of the ox has, of course, served as a model for the lurs. They are very long—about seven feet—and very much curved, so as to be more easily used. The metal is not rolled out into a thin sheet, as is the case with our modern trumpets, but cast in a way unknown to the craftsman of to-day. The thickness of the metal is only from one to one and a-half millimètre. Each piece or joint is cast separately, and the joints are hammered together to a whole, and the singularly small mouth is ornamented. The lurs are conical in shape; the width at the mouthpiece is less than a quarter of an inch, and it gradually widens to five to seven inches at the end. Modern archaeologists have arrived at the conclusion that it is more than probable that the lurs were made in Scandinavia, and not imported from other countries. The lurs are found in couples, each of which has just the same dimensions and the same tone. Thus there are lurs tuned in *D*, *E*, *G*, *C*, and *E flat*; the ring of the tone is at once powerful and melodious. Clever trombone and other wind-instrument players can produce a considerable scale on these old musical instruments; the real compass is eight tones; but some wind-instrument players can produce twenty-one tones. It is not probable that the wind-instrument players of olden times could produce these twenty-one tones; but the great care bestowed upon the make of the lurs bears testimony to a fine ear and great musical taste and understanding. The great authority on lurs is Dr. Angul Hammerick, and it was he who had the happy idea of causing these prehistoric musical instruments to be heard on Midsummer Day. The player, as you will see in the accompanying illustration, is dressed in what is considered to have been the costume of the Bronze Period.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Now that England has played her first International match under Association rules, it may be useful to speculate on the probable constitution of the national side to oppose Scotland at the Crystal Palace on April 3, which, by the way, is also Boat-Race day. For many



JOHN FARRELL.

Photo by Globe Photographic Company, Southampton.

reasons, the prospects of England look particularly rosy this year. Chief of them is the circumstance of all three matches being fixed to be played in this country.

Of course, there is never any real doubt as to the issue of the matches with Wales and Ireland. And yet, accidents have happened, as they have a habit of happening in football. For instance, last year we sent a very strong team to Ireland, and could only manage to draw, while the season before that Wales came down to the Queen's Club, and against a side of amateurs scored a goal to a goal, and were actually the first to find the net.

A great deal of curiosity is aroused as to how many of the amateurs will get in the eleven to face Scotland. Three of the Corinthians found places on Saturday, and there was another

as first reserve. I do not think they will all appear at the Crystal Palace. The most doubtful of them is Mr. Middleditch at half-back. It is a strange thing to find an amateur in this position, seeing that half-back is the department in which the North overwhelmed the South, or, perhaps I had better say, in which the professionals overwhelmed the amateurs. It is not saying too much to stamp Mr. Middleditch as the best amateur half in the country. To the superficial observer there is nothing wanting in Middleditch's play, but the close follower of the game can see at a glance that the amateur style is different from and decidedly inferior to that adopted by the professionals.

Mr. W. J. Oakley, the old Oxonian, may be certain of his place. There are many good backs in the country, but Oakley is unquestionably the best of them all. His is a combination of two styles, and the effect, on the whole, is happy. That Mr. Lodge will, as last year, be his partner is most doubtful, and I should not be surprised to see Williams, of West Bromwich Albion, gain his Scottish cap for the first time. Williams, who, by the way, played against Ireland on Saturday, is just another Lodge, except, perhaps, that the amateur is faster. Williams, however, has had far more experience of serious football.

Mr. G. O. Smith will positively secure the position of centre-forward. He is a brilliant player, and there is not another first-class centre in the country. The unfortunate accident which prevented Bassett playing against Ireland has let in Athersmith. Bassett's superiority over the Villa man is exceedingly slight—indeed, it is doubted in many quarters. It matters little, perhaps, which plays, except that Bassett has often played with Bloomer, and that the Derby County man is unknown to Athersmith.

Bradshaw, the Liverpool outside-left, had to decline the invitation owing to illness; and so Smith of Aston Villa, who once played against Scotland as partner to Mr. R. C. Gosling, took his place. Except for the fact that Smith partnered another Aston Villa man, who will probably play against Scotland—reference is made to Wheldon—it would perhaps be better if Spikesley, of Sheffield Wednesday, were to be played at outside-left. And I see no reason why Mr. R. C. Gosling should not be given his cap this season, for he is playing in very fine form. The goal-keeper may be either Robinson, who played on Saturday, Sutcliffe, or Foulkes; it matters little. They are all of a class, and a very good class.

Unique football is shortly to be seen in America, if the plans of the Rev. Charles Gill develop satisfactorily. This gentleman is an American engaged in missionary work in China, and he has supplemented his religious instruction with a course of football training. In the States the name of Mr. Gill is still remembered as one of the most popular captains of the Yale team. After a course of vigilant training, Mr. Gill has got together what is surely the strangest football team that ever trod turf. Their education being now fairly complete, he contemplates touring the States with his extraordinary pupils.

It is on their enormous strength of body rather than intelligent playing of the game that the Celestials base their claims of rivalry with the Americans. The latter appear willing to run any risks in the pursuit of their sport, or the gigantic frames of their prospective visitors might reasonably induce alarm. The Chinese conception of the game is also considerably divergent from that laid down by the football manuals of this country. Science is a disregarded quantity; brute force is the secret of their game. In this respect it is probable the Americans will succeed in proving superiority, but the matches must perforce be a

time of serious anxiety. The Chinese tackle is described as a terrific butt, from which each player rebounds like a ball of indiarubber. With a thing of this description on hand; discretion would be by far the better part of valour, although I fancy the Celestials' brutality is too clumsy to be very dangerous. Combination is a dead letter in the Chinese game. An egotistic idea that nobody but himself can properly be trusted to manipulate the ball urges each player to retain the leather at all costs, and to refrain from passing to his *confrère* as from taking poison or losing the pigtail.

On Saturday the third round of the Association Cup competition will be fought out, and, if only Southampton St. Mary's had been favoured with a little more luck in their match with Newton Heath at Southampton, our interest in the contest would have been heightened instead of diminished. But even supposing them to have beaten the Heathens, it would have been the most improbable thing in the world to anticipate their getting past the third stage. Newton Heath once put beneath their feet, they would have had to visit Derby County, and there would inevitably have ended their chances. It is by no means an inglorious exit that the Saints have made from the Cup fight. The South are very well pleased with their plucky representation. It scarcely needs mention of the fact that this is the first time the South have progressed so far in this competition.

Newton Heath's chances at Derby may at once be dismissed as hopeless. The County have for the last two or three months been playing fine football, and it is to be feared that Newton Heath represent a vastly inferior class. Undoubtedly, the best match of the four will be Preston North End v. Aston Villa at Preston. Regarded apart from such prejudicial circumstances which sway results in unforeseen directions, the Villans are distinctly the better club. But the difference in form is seriously discounted by the fact that the North Enders will be on their own field. It will, therefore, not be surprising if the Villans find themselves left forlorn next Saturday night.

Everton's chances are good, and we may confidently expect to see them enter the fourth round. They have been drawn at home with the Blackburn Rovers, and only by some miraculous freak of circumstances can the Rovers expect to win. The other tie is Liverpool v. Notts Forest at Anfield Road. The Forest have been struggling against almost overwhelming odds in this year's Cup contest, and this is the crowning blow. No one expected them to survive until now, being drawn away each time, and having shown such weak form on foreign soil; but, by some means which do not admit of explanation, here they are with the third round open to them. But, though there be an entrance, I fear they will fail to find an exit. Liverpool, on their own ground, should close their account with ease.

The portrait given on this page is of John Farrell, the captain of Southampton St. Mary's. He was taken from Stoke at the end of the 1894-5 season at very moderate cost to the club, and has been of the utmost value to the St. Mary's during the short period of his captaincy. He is well known in Southern football for the extreme gentlemanliness of his play and his cool skill on the field. Born in 1873 at Tunstall, in Staffordshire, Farrell began his football experiences with the Tunstall Juniors at the age of sixteen. His next club was Dresden United, who eventually parted with him to Stoke for forty pounds and the proceeds of a special match.

CRICKET.

The recent action of Hugh Trumble in Australia in deliberately bowling no-balls, so that the other side should be prevented from following on, has caused as much controversy in the Colonies as did the parallel proceedings of C. M. Wells and E. B. Shine in the Varsity matches in this country. One correspondent cites the game of whist to prove his point. He says, "If you revoke you lose three tricks, but the laws of whist do not desire you to intentionally revoke. An American, on being asked why he had wilfully revoked, made answer, 'Because it was the only way to save the game.' We do not want this sort of thing in cricket."

By the way, mention of Australian cricket reminds me of the phenomenal success with the bat met with by McKibbin. There was quite a number of people who, when McKibbin was making top score for Australia in that terrible innings against England at the Oval last year, argued that the man had runs in him. Well, playing for New South Wales against South Australia, McKibbin actually hit up 75 in good style, and that, too, against the hurricane bowling of Jones. Another back-end man in this country, J. J. Kelly, was responsible for 108, and then he was run out. Giffen, who was captain of the South Australian team, worked Jones so hard that the fast bowler at last refused to do any more. Whenever he had a chance, while fielding, he took a seat. Fancy Tom Richardson of Surrey ever feeling tired!

OLYMPIAN.

The first women's international hockey match ever played in England comes off at Blackheath on Monday.

That useful annual, "Walford's County Families" (Chatto and Windus), appears for the thirty-sixth time. About a hundred and twenty names have been removed from the book in consequence of the sale of estates, the union of two or more estates, or, saddest of all, the total extinction of families.

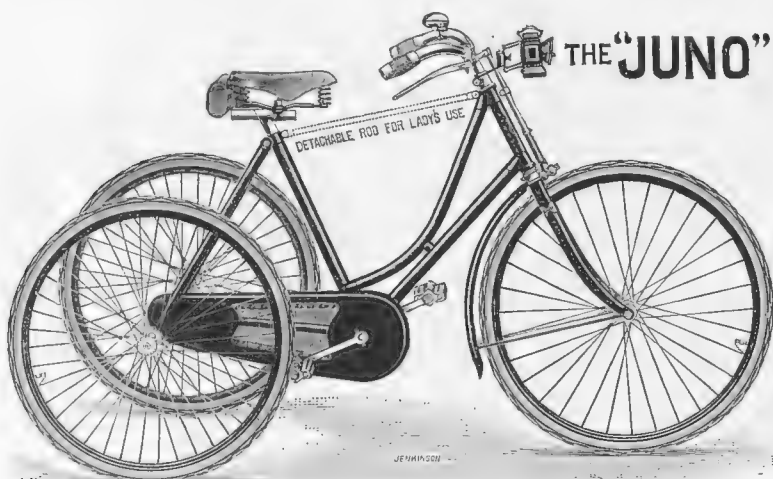
SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

The newest thing in bicycles is what is called a racing bicycle, and will startle the world, according to the New York papers; and horses too, I should say. Here is the description. The position of the rider's body is horizontal, something like swimming, giving an advantage of no resistance to the wind. The position is one that could not be maintained for any length of time, but for short distances there is no great inconvenience. The pedals and sprocket are placed behind the rear wheel. Instead of the customary seat, the rider lies flat on his stomach on a leather hammock. The handle-bars are brought down low, just above the front forks. It would seem to most people that the position of the body and legs would preclude any great speed being obtained, but Mr. Marion, the inventor, claims that a greater speed can be obtained than has yet been accomplished. Whatever may be the merits of such a machine, it is to be devoutly hoped we may be spared the sight of these frog-like scorers perambulating our streets.

The Mammoth Tricycle, with its crew of eight riders, has left the Holborn depot *en route* to Dover. It seems to have created a considerable amount of excitement on its journey. It is proposed, I believe, to make a lengthened tour through the provinces.

The Marquis of Queensberry has once more been fined for riding his bicycle on a footpath. His lordship seems to be most unlucky in getting nabbed at this little game, and this time he has suffered to the amount of fifteen shillings and costs.

To those who live within an easy distance of Bishopsgate Street, and wish to learn the art of cycling, the opening of "The Juno Cycling Academy" will be a boon. It is situated just off the main thoroughfare,



and close to Liverpool Street Station. The Metropolitan Machinists' Company are the owners, and intending purchasers of cycles can have a good trial of any machine when selecting. At a recent visit I paid to their warehouse, I was shown some excellent tricycles, one of which, called "The Folding Tricycle," is able to pass, by a simple detachment of the hind wheel, through any narrow space. One of the great features of this company is the remarkably easy terms of monthly payments to those would-be cyclists who are not disposed to expend a large sum in a single payment.

The Edinburgh Show, from all accounts, seems to have been the usual success, both in merit of exhibits and also financially. It seems to me that the holding of a cycle show is a royal road to fortune. It never fails.

My North Country readers may be interested to hear that a great Cycle Show is to be held in Leeds during the first week in March. Although, owing to limitations of space, it may not be so extensive, the promoters hope that it will be quite as representative as the Stanley and National Shows in London. All the latest improvements in bicycles, and, indeed, everything of interest in the wheeling world, is promised to be on view. I see that the last new departure in cycle construction is the employment of an aluminium alloy, which is suitable for tubing, and which will considerably reduce the weight of the machine without any loss of strength.

An odd-looking machine, the utility of which remains to be proved, has been manufactured by the Northfleet Engineering Company, and was on view at the Cycle Show in St. James's Hall, Manchester. It is a bicycle driven by lever motion, having neither chain nor chain wheels. The cranks work up and down, the power being transmitted by bent levers furnished with strong wires, which communicate with a driving-gear consisting of eccentric ratchets on each side of the back hub. But it is impossible to describe the invention without becoming too technical for the general reader.

I hear that the new Bishop of Sierra Leone has been for many years an ardent cyclist, and has held an important official position in connection with a North of England club. He was a popular Kendal rider, and officiated as captain of the Lake District meet on more than one occasion. I cannot say if the Bishop is likely to find his bicycle of much use in his African diocese. One imagines a tropical jungle somewhat difficult to negotiate on wheels.

The journalist who writes "Here and There" in *Wheeling* is not quite up to the times. "Does anyone," he asks, "know of a really good pump and fixing—one that will admit of your pumping your tyres without your face becoming apoplectic and your knees trembling like an aspen-leaf?" I do. It was produced the other week by Mr. Simpson, inventor of the famous lever chain, and meets all my contemporary's requirements. Like many great inventions, it is an exceedingly simple device. Although not larger than the ordinary hand-pump, which tires the arms and induces apoplexy, it has the force of a foot-pump. Indeed, it is a foot-pump, the pedal being detachable. I hear that thousands are being made to the order of famous bicycle firms.

According to the *British Central Africa Gazette*, published at Zomba, several bicycles have recently made their appearance in the Shire Highlands, and quite a number are on their way out.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

When racehorse owners of the type of the Duchess of Montrose and Colonel North pass away, gaps which are easily remarked are left. There seems a screw loose somewhere. But it cannot be said of the late Mr. Fulton that he will be a much-missed figure, for he did not latterly frequent our racecourses, although his equine representatives were to be seen. He was essentially a man of mystery. Nothing pleased him better than to keep his intentions secret, and the closer they were kept the higher did his pleasure mount. A gentleman who runs horses is regarded in some circles as one who has faith to keep with the public. Mr. Fulton did not subscribe to this view, and did what he liked with his own. In Ireland, where they hold different views as regards ownership, his loss will be regretted more than over here, but, slight as was his support of English racing during his last two or three years, his name and his horses' names were well to the front throughout the season. He never brought off a second *Comedy coup*, but came very near it when Sir Michael ran second to Kilcock in last year's Wokingham Stakes.

On big race-days, especially Metropolitan ones, a good sprinkling of actors goes to make up the attendance. Who has not seen the ubiquitous Arthur Roberts at Epsom, Sandown, or Kempton backing his fancy? Leonard Boyne not only does this, but keeps a 'chaser in training at Epsom. Young Tom is his name, and a cheap purchase he was, seeing that Mr. Boyne got him for less than a hundred and won four or five races right off the reel with him. Another actor, or actress, and owner is, of course, Mrs. Langtry, whose pretty face and perfect figure adorn a rare number of courses in the season. Her racing-bill must be a very large one, and her luck was not the best last year. Lionel Rignold and John L. Toole have each been seen at our local meetings. Among the music-hall professors, Herbert Campbell can claim acquaintance with horses and their peculiar ways, as also can Knowles, Godfrey, and many others of less notoriety.

Several trials will take place in a week or two for the purpose of telling owners the time of day in regard to their Lincoln Handicap horses. What will come to be known as the Robinson puzzle has yet to be correctly guessed, and many cautious backers are content to bide their time with a view to backing the best of this lot. In the meantime Yorker and Diakka have followers galore, and both horses are reported fit. Marco has given his trainer a lot of trouble. This horse had "a leg" when he went to Lambourne. Of the North Country division Sardis is inquired after. This horse on some of his form has a chance.

One of the prettiest sights in the opening week of the season will, as a matter of course, be the race for the Grand National Steeplechase. If we except Epsom and Doncaster, it is impossible to see such a crowd on any other racecourse, and it must not be forgotten that everyone who enters the Aintree Course has to pay. The railway traffic is worked to perfection, and the stands on the course are fairly convenient, though not sufficiently large to hold their occupants comfortably on National Day. There should be plenty of speculation over the event this year. I am told that Cathal is doing well, and he is expected by the connections of Swatton's stable to do a big performance.

Many owners have done very badly under National Hunt Rules this season, and I am afraid the sport will not grow. Owing to the variable climate met with in this country, it is almost impossible to keep jumpers sound if they are at all inclined to be delicate, while, with alternate weeks of hard frost and heavy rain, it is not surprising to find so much in-and-out running, which just as often means loss to the owner as it does to the ordinary backer. It is a pity that the National Hunt Committee could not draw up a rule forbidding a race-meeting to be held until a week after any thaw had taken place.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

It is a horrid but forthcoming fact, nevertheless, that silken-lined skirts are voted out of order for future fashions, and dressmakers on the other side—meaning Paris, of course—are building their new and very decorative ideas on a single material instead of the silk-lined gowns to which we have grown so fondly accustomed. With the revival of fully

draped and flounced frocks, this has grown to be more or less necessary, but it is with none the less regret that one bids an enforced adieu to the shapely, pleasant ways of the plain skirt. Several of the dresses worn at this day's Drawing-Room that I have seen are put together in this way, the material of which they are made being quite independent of the inner silk slip in some instances attached to the waistband. This Court-gown of amber velvet, for instance, which is to be worn at the next function, March 4, is treated in the new manner.

The train of velvet, with lapels at each side, is made to open in front over a magnificent under-dress of white



COURT-DRESS OF AMBER VELVET AND WHITE SATIN. [Copyright.]

satin. This also has panels at both sides elaborately embroidered with a design of yellow orchids in pearls and coloured silks of different shades, from palest amber to mandarin, while the central apron of white satin is worked in a similar design, but of different materials, which are here tiny gold spangles and cord, the orchid foliage being composed of real lace leaves outlined and veined in gold. A border of white ostrich-feather tips attaches apron to train at sides, and groups of pink velvet roses, in a tone that harmonises well with yellow, are placed in daring combination on bodice-front or skirt and train; some splendid lace appears on the bodice, which is cleverly gathered into epaulettes and forms a berthe round the *décolletage* as well. Pink roses and white aigrettes make a posy for the left-hand shoulder; pink topaz set with diamonds are the jewels intended for this regal costume.

In the faint yet ardent hope that only women dip into these pages specially set apart both in title and tone to their cause, I will add *un petit mot* about a new and dainty vagary upon costume, or rather, beneath it, which is taught as the last cry of fashionable Paris and New York—still both our pioneers, it must be admitted, in all latest and luxurious movements of flying folly. Among the well-equipped it is now the rule to have corset and petticoat of the same silk, which is generally striped, brocaded, or fancifully patterned. Corsets made of shot silk, lined with plain satin in contrasting colour, are also a novelty, and even garters are most correct when made to match, a common noun which I am aware is usually sacred to ladies' papers, but whose important functions deserve more distinction nevertheless.

The effect of this square bolero is one which will, I hope, be considered fascinating by searchers of a fresh sartorial sensation out of season. It is so difficult to find anything new at the moment; but people clamour for novelty all the same, and it is that eternal restless cry for change which we share with the classic Athenian that really drives your well-regulated dressmaker into desperate acts of fashion, when her inspiration, if left to itself, would evolve some styles in which sanity would play a more leading part than it often does in new modes and methods. Be this as it may, however, this white mousseline over-dress on pink satin, as a between-season interlude, makes a charming "high-up" evening-frock, an anachronism often

observed nowadays in winter, particularly in country houses, when the house party is small and the evenings are chilly. Two narrow flounces of Mechlin lace are sewn on in waves round the skirt, and the basque, cut higher in front than at back, is garnished to match. The bolero, which, be it observed, is a principal feature, is also betrimmed in this manner, and a wide swathed belt of silver cloth, or cloth-of-silver, whichever best expresses this glittering material, is drawn in tight folds around the waist, where it fastens at left side under a great bunch of violets. In grey cloth, lined with pink silk, this style would make a graceful skating-dress.

Although we in London may be said to have inaugurated women's clubs, which exist and represent all classes among us, in and out of society generally, it has been given to Cannes, where the New Ladies Club is already a social *tour de force*, to really produce and present the club as applied to women in society at its best. The *soirée dansante* and dinner which came off so brilliantly on Tuesday, and at which the cream of Cannes society was present, has not yet had its parallel in a London ladies' club, where debates or deadly dull concerts may occur, but a brilliant social gathering never. The Gallery Club evenings are always smart assemblies, of course; but then it is not a ladies' club, and the select feminine coterie, which can be at once both successful and exclusive as a social centre (for one depends on the other), does not yet, as it seems to me, exist.

Talking of Riviera gaieties, now in full swing, Madame Biletta's supper-party, followed by a cotillon, proved a most successful reversal of the usual entertainment, which puts one before the other. Mr. and Mrs. Meynell were among the guests, Mrs. Henry Salisbury, Sir William and Lady Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Synott, Marquis and Marquise de Massingy d'Auzac, the former of whom led the cotillon with Miss Scott with great *éclat*. Most of those present had met earlier at a reception given that afternoon on board the American *San Francisco* flagship, which was a very smart affair with its hundreds of gaily dressed women and a forest of bunting overhead.

From friends at Mentone I hear of festive evenings succeeding each other with bewildering rapidity, and, as if evening dances were not sufficiently numerous, the Wednesday *matinées dansantes* at the Villa Médecin have as strong a following as any, Lady and Miss Saurin, Sir John Mildmay, Mr. Stonor, Colonel and Mrs. Morris, Mr. Uniacke, Hon. Mrs. Trollope, Captain and Mrs. Ray, and Colonel and Miss Graves being among the many faithful attendants of these pleasant afternoon exercises.

Sheraton furniture is more than ever coming into favour and fashion, and the wonder is that it should have ever ceased to impress itself on the receptive decorative faculty, with its dainty curves and spindle legs and rich yellow inlay, as a further advance on the graceful but more sombre Chippendale. Princess Beatrice's pretty sitting-room, now all in readiness at sunshiny Cimiez, is "done" in Sheraton, all imported and provided by those most artistic of upholsterers, Warings, of Oxford Street, who are rendering the hotel into a fairy palace through-



A SMART SQUARE BOLERO. [Copyright.]

in preparation for the royal visit to the South. The mandarin yellow-red of the great reception-room is a brilliantly conceived scheme of colour, with rich hangings of white damask brocaded in gold, in sharp though subtle contrast with Empire chairs and couches of richly carved mahogany, for Warings are recognisably nothing if not original.

In view of a number of forthcoming smart weddings, it will interest brides-elect to hear that myrtle-blossom is destined to supersede the

conventional orange-flower for bedecking wedding-gowns and bouquets. It is not often that our fashions—save the mark!—come from Germany, but the arriving myrtle is decidedly a Teutonic custom, and an exceedingly pretty one withal. A very smart garment of this order, now in the finishing stage, has rows, or more properly, lines, of wide real lace insertion placed about twelve inches apart on the train, and held in place by bunches of myrtle, which also trims the apron in narrow lines and forms a ruching to border the skirt and bodice. In the trousseau of a bride I met quite the prettiest little blouse that has ever been given the clever brain of a modiste to concoct. Simplicity itself, apparently, but with the art that apes that obsolete virtue as well. It was primarily of thick white satin, made in the loose fashion so becoming to slight figures, which seemed to have evolved itself by the simple matter of a running string at neck and waist. Over the satin came a covering of delicate écu lace, the pattern of which accommodated strings of bébé-ribbons, threaded in and out at regular intervals, and not more than an inch apart. Palest blue, mauve, green, and pink followed each other in recurring lines around the bodice. There was no neck-band, but a small Pierrette ruffle of white chiffon, in which two large rosettes of the parti-coloured ribbons were placed with excellent effect. These were again repeated at both sides of waist in front, and a more fascinating little blouse I have not lately set eyes on.

Into details of all the smart folk and frocks which graced the long-anticipated fête at the Prince's Skating Club on Wednesday I have not space to enter. Everybody was somebody, more or less, and everyone, moreover, from the feminine point of view, tried to dress down everyone else. The Prince not only came, but stayed. Benoist did miracles of cookery for the thirsting and hungering performers, and the whole affair was brilliant to distraction. The success of the Knightsbridge Cercle amply proves my plea that a smart club, exclusively and rigidly maintained as such, invariably goes. It is only when outsiders begin to squeeze in that the others correspondingly drop off.

Another matter of the toilette, and one of growing importance, is the increasingly free use of perfumes, which were for a long and foolish period banished from our surrounding by one of the same unaccountable prejudices, probably, which voted jewels vulgar, yet exhibited marbled wall-papers, white stockings, and elastic-sided boots as appropriate expressions of superior British taste. To this revived popularity of sweet waters the old and famous firm of Grossmith Son and Co. have had more than a little to say. For greatly by their exclusive and perfected methods of distillation from flowers, together with the invention of three or four special scents which have now a world-wide reputation, the feminine fancy has been charmed into favouring the classic use of fragrant perfumes once more, and a well-groomed woman would, generally speaking, as soon go without her bath or her breakfast as miss the dainty, clinging breath of sweetness emitted as she walks. A quite unique and fascinating perfume is the "Phul-Nana," for which Grossmith's name is widely celebrated. It is distilled from a group of Indian flowers, and exhales a subtle, soft fragrance in keeping with its origin. In like manner the lotus-flower of Japan has evolved another delicate Eastern odour, known as "Hasu-no-Hana"—the most perfect possible combination of odorous blooms from the Land of the Rising Sun. Soaps and dentifrices, imbued with both these Indian and Japanese scents, are to be obtained at any first-rate perfumer's, as are the long list of dainty, elegant preparations of which Grossmith and Son are specialists. The new series of smelling-salts, for example, each differently scented as with freshly cut roses, lilies, or violets, are sold at one shilling a bottle each upwards. An innovation and improvement on all Cologne waters is flavoured with a reminiscence

of English lilac, and, in long, pale-green flasks for the toilet-table, is refreshing to all senses at once. Dainty Louis Quinze boxes of brown leatherette, with bottles of Wallflower, Stephanotis, Iris, Violet, or others variously, within, are presents to receive with rapture indeed. The "Betrothal Bouquet," brought out at the time of Princess May's marriage, is another notable specialty of J. Grossmith and Son. It continues to hold its place among first favourites, and makes a significant and seductive gift when sent in its pretty cases of one, three, or six bottles.

Both the "Phul-Nana" and "Hasu-no-Hana" perfume labels were recently pirated by a German and American, but the law quickly quashed these trade malpractices,



A HANDSOME CORNER OF UGLY
NEWGATE STREET.

and no crude imitations of these two delicate scents can now mislead and disappoint admirers of either. The establishment at 85, Newgate Street, from which all these alluring essences issue forth, is now one of the handsomest buildings in the City, and quite revolutionises its own corner of dingy old Newgate Street. The interior, in a scheme of green oak and brilliant brasswork, is a rest and refreshment to the eye. In different parts of the building the various processes and manipulation of perfumes are carried through, from the store-rooms and still-rooms, dealing with the bases of these preparations as they arrive from Grasse, where Grossmith and Son own a great factory, to the galleries, where

a whole regiment of young girls bottle, label, beribbon, and finish finally the dainty flask which will eventually spill itself in fragrant vapour on the laces and cambrics of your well-appointed woman.

I have just had a reproachful letter from a Russian lady of eminence, because of having misspelled the baptismal of her favourite cigarette, which came up for flattering comment and criticism in my notes of a week or two back. "It is not a far cry from Trowski to Troski," laments the fair unknown correspondent; "but the latter is a name to conjure with in Russia, where we not only smoke, but, unlike you Englishwomen, if you will pardon my candour, can discriminate good tobacco from bad; whereas the 'Trowski,' as you spell it, would have no meaning for cultivated Russian ears." Of course, I am exceedingly sorry for having introduced the superfluous and troublesome consonant in question, but it somehow seems so natural to the Muscovite tongue that, like our immortal Mr. Weller, I thought the Troski cigarette might spell itself "sometimes with a 'w' and sometimes with a 'w,' accordin' to the taste and fancy of the speller." Since the Troski can at present only be had at the Bungalow in Conduit Street, however, there seems no probability that any serious consequences can follow my orthographic indiscretion.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

VICARAGE.—You have not given a pseudonym, but this will, no doubt, be a recognisable answer: (1) You are late for the sales, but Dickens and Jones are holding one for the month of February, and I have no doubt you can pick up bargains there on your arrival in town. (2) Now about the bicycle. I should certainly advise you to buy the best for your daughter, especially as it is for country use, which tries the temper of the wheel much more than our smooth wooden pavements in town. Humbers are as light as is consistent with durability, and to Humber I should go if I were you. Why not look over their place at 32, Holborn Viaduct, while here? They will show you there an endless variety of styles: (3) Purple-and-green straw hats will be fashionable, and very much flower-bedecked, as has been the case for some seasons past. (4) No; I should not recommend you to dress your girls alike; when they are quite young it is rather a pretty fashion, but not for girls once passed the Rubicon of teens and salad days.

FANCY FROCK.—The difficulty about this sort of thing is to get something at once cheap and charming, for, as you say, fancy-dresses are usually expensive, and doubly extravagant when seldom used. A *cuisinière* would be new, and might be made to look very dainty in a short dress of white satin or sateen, with bolero jacket, and a bright-blue ribbon crossing the breast (as *Cordon Bleu* this), forming a sash over left side, where both ends meet and are fastened by a rosette, with a touch of white introduced. The band of white satin cap should be blue, and a tray of tinted velvet dinner-rolls carried under the arm to complete the idea. Black silk stockings, white shoes with silver buckles, and a silver toast-rack on which to impale your partners—*et voilà tout*. Another smart and simply arranged costume may be called the "Monte Carlo," and continued by a green skirt (made short—fancy-dress must be short to be *chic*, bear in mind), this divided with black lines, Rouge et Noir diamonds on each side, and a pattern of gold sequins set here and there to do duty as Napoleons. Sleeves and panniers of white gauze relieve the green severity of skirt. A black satin bodice, trimmed round the square *décolletage* with rows of gold sequins, could have a group of playing-cards simulated in satin on the front. Four of these cards, prettily arranged as a coronet, make a quite becoming head-dress. A rake is held in one hand, and each white sleeve is sewn with "cart-wheels"—*Angliée* for five-franc pieces, need it be explained. Black silk stockings and red leather shoes complete the turn-out. I hope you will find one or other suitable. I have, as you see, remembered your petition for details. The shepherdess-hat can be charmingly and inexpensively built for your sister by Madame d'Esterre, of Bond Street, Piccadilly end.

ILKA (Galway).—(1) I can imagine nothing more distressing, but it is, fortunately, a curable breakage. While you are getting round again, be advised, and indulge in a self-propelling chair, which you can wheel about the house and lawn, now that, with spring, fine weather is once more a possible contingent. Your friends in Wilton Place could easily look you out something suitable from Leveson, who has a branch, shop close by, in Parkside. That seems rather an unfortunate pack to hunt with. There have been three accidents since the season began. (2) The man you speak of is expensive, though good, and I find the London Shoe Company, in Bond Street, make riding-boots at just half his price, of first-rate shape and material. So what is the use of paying double, unless you have money to pitch away, which very few may own to nowadays, unfortunately?

C. D. L.—I always look upon these books on domestic matters variously, of which you newly married girls are so fond—professing to enable womankind to dress or dine on an infinitesimal number of pounds per annum—as so much vanity and affliction of spirit, nothing less. Each individual case is so distinct, and you in town, on an income of £1000 a-year, must and will spend twice as much on your frocks as if you lived placidly and pastorally in, let us say, Norfolk. So it is absurd to lay down hard-and-fast rules. Your first year's experience will be worth all the written rules ever propounded. Allow yourself eighty pounds, and see how it goes. For lingerie and the breakfast-gown, Graham, of Mount Street, will do you well; none better. Madame d'Esterre, of 41, Bond Street, will use your brocades and silks. She makes admirably, and does not object to "own materials." Capes are going out, but the rough Highland tweeds for driving will, of course, go on, like the brook, for ever. You might try Scott Adie for one of those. *Re* the little dinner-party about which you are anxious, if you give them turbot-sauce and serve cream with it, and at the game stage serve roast pigeons stuffed with dates (the stones taken out), they will have experienced two up-to-date methods of cookery which deserve only praise, and will, no doubt, get it, though you may not be there to hear. SYBIL.

A damsel who loved the antique,
Oft fashioned her gowns *à la Greique*;
For she heard from a suitor
That she looked so much cuitior
In a dress that set off her physique.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on March 10.

THE MARKETS.

The whole of the markets are at present dominated by political considerations, and there is no disposition on the part of operators to enter into fresh engagements. The result is that prices have drooped, in some instances pretty considerably, from the highest points touched this year. Needless to say, international securities have suffered most, more especially those immediately affected by the Eastern Question. It is satisfactory to note that no serious depreciation has taken place in Consols and other gilt-edged securities, and this, too, in view of the hardening tendency of money.

The most noticeable feature of the situation is the entire absence of all investment buying, caused principally by brokers discouraging their clients from making purchases in the present unsettled state of matters political. Of course, it is a time in which big losses or big gains can be made, and our view is that, should events turn out well and hostilities be avoided, the majority of good, sound securities will improve three or four points; but if, by unlucky chance, the demon of war is let loose in Eastern Europe, fifteen or twenty points could easily come off the same stocks. The best-informed people are clearly very anxious about the outlook, and dread the return of spring in the Balkan States.

SCOTCH RAILWAY DIVIDEND PROSPECTS.

In about three weeks the dividends of the two leading Scotch railways for the half-year ending Jan. 31 last will be announced, and, as we have just cleared off the English returns, people who can find time to be interested in anything outside Crete and the Chartered Company inquiry are beginning to forecast the results.

The total Caledonian revenue for the half-year may be put at about £1,880,000, but it is probable that the working expenses have increased by something between thirty-five and forty thousand pounds, and on this basis the net revenue should work out at about £985,000. We must not forget, however, that the Ordinary stock has been increased by £730,000, so that, on the whole, the dividend will most likely be $5\frac{1}{2}$, or perhaps $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

The North British Company's returns, treated in the same way, give approximately about eleven or twelve thousand net increase available for distribution; this is equal to about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the Deferred stock, which should therefore get $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the half-year, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ for the whole year, against $\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. for 1895. Further heavy capital issues are, however, known to be pending, or the price of North British Deferred stock would be higher than it is.

SOUTH AFRICAN MINES.

The following letter has reached us from our Johannesburg correspondent. It will make clear to many of our readers the position of the Main Reef Mines, and, we hope, save some of them from investing in "wild-cat" ventures—

WITWATERSRAND MAIN REEF MINES.

Few Home investors are able to distinguish between mines which are on the Rand Main Reef and those which are not, and yet the distinction is of vital importance alike for the investor and speculator. Not that there are no reputable mines on neighbouring or subsidiary reefs. It is still an open question whether the so-called Ginsberg Reef is the extension of the rich South Reef of the Main Reef series; and similarly, going further east, the East Rand, Van Ryn, Chimes, and Kleinfontein Reefs may, or may not, be identical with the ore-bodies popularly classified as the Main Reef series.

At the other extremity of the Rand, the ore-bodies found on the Randfontein and other properties are not now claimed by any save a few faddists as Main Reef. Speaking of faddists reminds me that there are a very few prospectors on these fields who contend that such reefs as the Nigel, Du Preez (Rietfontein) Battery, &c., will yet be found to exist from one end of the Rand to the other, virtually belonging to the series. Despite the continuous prospecting of ten years, this is still, however, only theory, and the general view is that these ore-bodies are merely detached or broken reefs, probably of limited extent.

Of what is well-defined Main Reef, the central portion, alongside the town of Johannesburg, is the richest. Here are the best mines—the Ferreira, earning £30,000 profit per month with 80 stamps; the Robinson, £40,000 per month with 120 stamps; and the Bonanza, which promises to take the foremost place of all.

When Mr. Hamilton Smith, the expert, made his report on the Rand a few years ago, he confined himself to the eleven miles of reef between the Glencairn on the east, and the Langlaagte Block B on the west, embracing at that time thirty-six companies. The limits of profitable mining have been considerably enlarged since then towards both east and west, but still the fact remains that, of the gross mining dividends of the Rand, amounting roughly on an average to less than £2,000,000 per annum, this eleven miles of reef contributes probably about 90 per cent. This may be a startling fact to the Home investor, who has been misled into thinking and speaking in vague general terms of the riches of the Rand.

There are, it is necessary to repeat, portions of the reef both east and west of this eleven miles limit proved to be payable—the Roodepoort district, for example. The Nigel, Chimes, Van Ryn, Kleinfontein, and other mines, some of them far removed from this eleven-mile section, have paid dividends in more or less respectable amounts, and other mines are now in progress of development, while some are crushing and ought certainly to be able to make regular returns to their shareholders. But the point I wish to emphasise for the benefit of the Home investor and speculator is that, while certain portions of the reef-bodies here, and, indeed, elsewhere in the Transvaal, are undoubtedly rich and payable, a much larger proportion of reef is also undoubtedly poor, worth, on an average, less than the costs of treatment.

This is now recognised by every mining man of any repute on these fields, and hence the general agreement that costs must, by some means or other, be brought down if shareholders are to receive a fair return on the money invested in the Witwatersrand and elsewhere. On the present basis of things, probably some twenty miles of reef on the Rand will yield regular dividends, while a much larger extent of reef, payable under certain conditions quite possible of attainment, cannot do more at present than cover working costs. Mining men, who are

known to be the most sanguine of mankind, have not willingly come to admit that certain portions of reef which have been worked intermittently, in some cases since the early days of the fields, are positively unpayable under present conditions. They have struggled on, often conscientiously believing that a margin of profit would ultimately reward their labours. The cyanide process, a few years ago, no doubt improved the position of every mine, and rendered dividends, in many cases for the first time, possible. Then came the days of big batteries, and the consequent lowering of costs. But while some large, moderately rich mines have profited greatly by milling operations on a gigantic scale, it is now admitted that, as a result of the craze of two years ago, numbers of mines are now in the position of being greatly over-stamped. The Buffelsdoorn is a typical instance of this. Kaffirs' wages were recently reduced by 20 per cent., but, in face of this and other economies, numbers of mines have stopped crushing—the Langlaagte Royal and New Croesus, for example. It is really in the interests of shareholders that mines which yield nothing better on the average than ore worth 30s. per ton, while costs run up to 27s. and 28s., should be closed and the ore conserved till such time as improved conditions can be introduced and the possibility of fair profits be shown to exist.

The Home investor must watch closely the great campaign now in progress for the lowering of costs on these fields. There can be no doubt that in the long run costs will be brought down to a maximum at the ordinary mine of probably 20s. per ton. Professor Becker has given the expert opinion that a rate of 17s. 6d. is quite possible of attainment. Labour, white as well as black, will have to be greatly reduced in cost, and this may not be possible without a serious struggle, which would, of course, agitate the share market. The Kaffir has recently submitted to a reduction of 20 per cent., but a further 50 per cent. can be lopped off without placing him in a worse position than the labourer in England.

It is the dearth of black labour for the mines which has rendered the excessive wages of the past four years possible, and a 50 per cent. reduction is contingent upon the supply being greatly increased. Owing to the rinderpest and the scarcity of food-stuffs, there can be little doubt that Kaffir labour will be more plentiful this year than it has ever been before. The Boer Government can do much, if it chooses, to improve the labour supply, and to the Government also the mining industry looks for some modification in the oppressive dynamite and railway monopolies. Dynamite costs 85s. at Johannesburg as compared with 62s. 6d. at Bulawayo in normal times, while the coal-rates on the Transvaal railways are more excessive than in any other country in the world.

There must be some relief afforded all round if the low-grade mines of the Rand are ever to make a fair return to their shareholders. The new slimes treatment represents a factor in favour of the mines. By means of this new process, profits will be increased, but without the economies indicated there can be no material improvement in the position of the industry.

As regards the various mines, the following on the central section of the reef may be taken as the richest: Bonanza, Ferreira, Robinson, Crown Reef, Worcester, Wemmer, Jubilee, City and Suburban, Wolhuter, Meyer and Charlton, Jumpers, New Heriot, Henry Nourse, Simmer and Jack, New Primrose, Glencairn, and the deep levels of these, mostly held by the subsidiaries of the Rand Mines, Limited.

Mr. Albert Herzberg, whose portrait we give, has been identified with the development of the Rand from the early days, and is one of the most successful of the younger generation of mining men. He is the managing partner of H. B. Marshall and Co., Limited, who control a number of successful mines and own the major portion of Marshall's Township, a populous district in the business portion of Johannesburg. Mr. Herzberg is a member of the municipal body entrusted with the government of Johannesburg.

THE BOER INDEMNITY.

The Transvaal Indemnity Claim was made the subject of no small amount of merriment at the sitting of the House of Commons last Thursday evening. While we write, some considerable doubt exists as to what is meant by the wording of the telegram, the question being as to whether the actual demand is £1,000,000 or £1,677,958 3s. 3d. In any case, the demand seems a preposterous one, and it does not appear to have been seriously regarded by the House. The reception of the news upon the South African Markets did not have any appreciable effect on share quotations. Altogether, the popular feeling would seem to be against President Krüger for advancing such an excessive claim, more particularly that part of it which refers to the "moral and intellectual" damage occasioned by the raid. Whatever effect the raid may have had on President Krüger's morals and intellect, it seems to have absolutely killed his sense of humour; when he realises that, perhaps he will claim another million or two. Even if we accede to the substance of the claims, it is an obvious national duty to declare war rather than pay the odd threepence.

Joking apart, however, we suppose the demand will lead to negotiation for a reduction in the amount; and we should imagine a complete repudiation of the "moral and intellectual" damage; but when



MR. A. HERZBERG.

Photo by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

the worthy Krüger's little bill is brought within reasonable bounds, what is to be done with it? The general feeling on the Stock Exchange appears to be that the Government will, when negotiations are over, hand the agreed and amended demand to the Chartered Company, which, in its turn, will have a remedy against its late directors, Messrs. Rhodes and Beit, thanks to whose misfeasances the liability was incurred. It seems pretty clear that in law the Chartered Company would have a good action against the gentlemen in question, and we hardly expect they will contest the point. People who talk glibly about financing wars out of their own pockets—even if only against the Matabele—cannot object to pay the enemy's war indemnity when they have started an unsuccessful venture.

ALLSOPP'S.

Some disappointment appears to have been caused by the declaration of the Allsopp dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. for the half-year. The distribution is only an interim one, and it by no means follows that the profits will not enable more to be paid when the balance-sheet is made up in August next. We do not see how reasonable people can have expected an increase now.

THE CYCLE MARKET.

Many of our correspondents ask for our opinion on all sorts and conditions of Cycle, Tube, and Component companies' shares, many of which are practically undealt in upon the London Exchange. We really never professed to be experts in the cycle trade, and far more satisfactory information can be obtained by consulting a good Birmingham or Dublin broker, for it is upon those two Exchanges that the real business of the majority of the companies is done.

Speaking generally, it looks as if many of the well-established concerns were likely to have a very prosperous year, and we fully expect that such shares as Swifts, Singers, Elswick's, Triumphs, Raleighs, &c., will yield good dividends as the result of their trading for 1897. In the long run, results are bound to raise prices, but for the present, at least, the public does not look upon Cycle shares as quite on the same basis as other industrials. The rise of the industry, we suppose, has been too rapid. We still hear that Millers, Anglo-Swedish Tubes, and Seddon Tyres are worth buying; but our information is second-hand, and of the actual prospects of the concerns we have no personal knowledge.

THE CHEQUE BANK.

The meeting of this concern, which took place on Friday, was rather unsatisfactory, especially as the chairman, Sir Edward Thornton, appeared to be quite unusually ignorant of the details of the business over which he was supposed to exercise control. We confess we do not like the company as an investment, and still less do we care for the United States Cheque Bank, the shares of which, judging from our correspondence, are being industriously puffed.

"LADY'S PICTORIAL" AND "SPORTING AND DRAMATIC" COMPANY.

The statutory meeting of this company is to take place on Monday, and we feel sure that the statements which the chairman will be in a position to make cannot help being very satisfactory. It is too early to estimate the profits for the year now in progress, but both papers show satisfactory increases both in circulation and profits, so that the anticipations held out in the prospectus should be more than verified. Application has already been made to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for an official quotation, which it is hoped will be granted when that body meets on Friday next.

BRITISH IMPERIAL POLICY.

A very interesting lecture was delivered by Mr. Faithfull Begg, M.P., on Thursday last, at a meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce, on the subject of "British Imperial Policy." The lecture took the form of notes on a colonial tour, and Mr. Begg, having resided for ten years in New Zealand, besides having lately returned from a trip to Western Australia, New Zealand, and British Columbia, was in a position to speak with no small amount of authority on this particular phase of the question. Mr. Begg argues for a fair and sympathetic treatment of the whole question, taking the colonial point of view into account, and not considering matters from our own standpoint alone.

QUEENSLAND NATIONAL BANK.

It having been found impossible to carry out the original Scheme of Arrangement in connection with this bank, a new scheme has been formulated, and is now in course of circulation among creditors and shareholders on this side. Instead of wiping out all the capital of the bank and relieving the shareholders from their liability of £2 per share, as was at first suggested, it is proposed, under the new scheme, to reduce the capital from £1,600,000 to £1,000,000. This will have the effect of cancelling the paid-up capital to the extent of £3 per share, thus reducing the nominal amount of the share from £8 to £5. It will not, however, involve the diminution of any liability in respect of uncalled capital, which will remain, as before, at £2 per share. Creditors are asked by the scheme to accept Interminable Inscribed Deposit Stock to an amount equal to 75 per cent. of the principal moneys represented by their securities, while provision is made for a certain proportion of profits being set aside for distribution among the stockholders. The scheme raises several contentious points, and we understand that it will meet with considerable opposition in some quarters. As the only alternative, however, would seem to be liquidation, which would mean disaster to private creditors, owing to the right of priority that is claimed by the

Government, it is thought that it will eventually be carried, though possibly not without certain modifications. This affair is remarkable even among the many scandals to which Australia has treated us.

EGYPTIAN FINANCES.

The annual report drawn up by Lord Cromer on the finances of Egypt is, as usual, worthy of minute attention, and goes a good way to prove what great strides have been made by that country during the past few years. Despite the exceptional expenditure rendered necessary by the invasion of cholera, the surplus realised amounted to £E316,000, the revenue reaching £E10,693,000, and the expenditure £E10,377,000, not including the cost of the Dongola Expedition, which is responsible for £E715,000. In respect of the estimates for 1897, £E100,000 is provided for the province of Dongola, of which £E60,000 is for the Army, £E25,000 for railway purposes south of Wady Halfa, and £E15,000 for civil purposes. As a result of his investigations, Lord Cromer states that, at the end of the year, the Caisse held £E5,590,000; the special reserve fund, "bringing to account all liabilities," showed a deficit of £E780,000; and the estimated surplus for 1897, which may probably be exceeded, was £E5000. The report, recognising the adverse influences of the Dongola Expedition and the cholera, must be deemed satisfactory.

Saturday, Feb. 20, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. C.—We wrote to you very fully on the 15th inst., and on re-perusing your letter we can only say, "Do not delay."

M.M.—(1) This concern was floated under bad auspices. Actions have been brought and judgments recovered by some of the original allottees of shares. The invention is said to be a good one; but we expect you will never see your money back. (2) This is very speculative. (3) First-rate. We doubt if you can sell No. 1, and there may be difficulty over No. 2. If you comply with Rule 5, we will send you the name of a reliable broker privately.

SOLDIER.—We like nothing about this company, least of all the directorate. All these Hannan's blocks were floated before their value, or lack of it, could be told with certainty, and we expect this one will prove a duffer; at any rate, the market does not expect much.

SWEETS.—This concern came from a bad stable, and was over-capitalised. It is an industrial in which we should not care to have much money. Sell out, unless you care to run a big risk.

P. W.—Your list is rather a long one. As to the mines, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 are all fairly good things. (1) We believe these shares to be, intrinsically, utter rubbish, but, as gambling counters, they have merits. (2) A West Australian failure. The stone does not contain enough gold. (8) We have no information. As to the other shares, 2, 3, and 4 are reasonable investments. (1) is a very bad job, out of which we expect you will never get anything. (5) We have no information.

B. J. C.—We do not like to give an opinion. Write to some good Birmingham broker with local knowledge.

ANNUIRY.—You do not make the terms of your trust very clear. Suppose your sister gets married and has children, where does the money go then? Neither do you give the investment clause of the trust, so that it is quite impossible to say what things are within its terms and what outside. If your sister's having children makes no difference—which is most unlikely—you could do what you like in the way of investment with her consent. See in that case answer to "Vixen" last week, otherwise send us full information, and we will advise you.

CLARINE.—We strongly advise you not to deal with the people you name, or any others who do business on the lines you mention. The whole system is a mere swindle.

SOUTHERN CROSS.—(1) We think you cannot successfully escape. (2) We doubt it.

CURLIE.—The shares, we fear, are not much good. We would not give a shilling for a hundred of them, except to sell again. The people behind it manipulate the market every now and then, so that, if you watch your chance, you may get out without loss. This is the best you can hope for.

K.—If you were game to lock them up for twelve months, we think you would make a fair profit. At any rate, hold for a month or so, and you will very likely sell at a slightly better price than you gave.

SAFETY.—The shares are not the best class of Brewery investment, but should be reasonably safe.

Z.—We wrote to you on the 18th inst.

W. D.—We are very sorry we ever recommended the shares you mention, and more sorry still that we bought some ourselves. We did not know that the Mining Markets were going to get into this state, but we are bound to confess that the information we have lately received from New Zealand is not encouraging as to this company's properties.

F. R.—You may hold Singers, if you want a fair dividend, at least for some time. As to the tube company's shares, there is little dealing in them here, and we are not experts in the specialities of the various provincial exchanges. Ask a good Birmingham broker for an opinion.

LINCOLN.—(1) The concern is not liked on the Dublin Exchange. (2) Yes, it is a good company.

A. B.—(1) It is, of course, a speculative purchase at present price. For this purpose we should say deferred ordinary were the best. (2) Mysore have been a tip for some time, but the price is very high.

NEMO.—(1) Sell Barberton Reefs, but we are very doubtful about buying anything at this moment. Gladiators is a perfectly honest speculation, only times are so unpropitious. (2) See answer to "Soldier."

FAN.—Considering the state of the Mining Market generally, one can hardly wonder at the drop in the shares. Whatever you had bought it would have been the same. For months we have been saying all mines were going worse, but we hardly expected they would be as bad as they are. We believe Wealth of Nations to be a good mine, but you must remember we have not seen it. The New Zealand affair is a speculation, but with such great possibilities that we consider it a good one.

WEST.—See answer to "W. D." The answer to your last question depends on the future course of the Mining Market. See answer to "Engineer."

ENGINEER.—See this week's "Notes" as to the Bank. The Universal Corporation is controlled by experts, and, if any of these promoting-exploration-finance companies can do well, this one should have succeeded. Like the rest, however, it is, no doubt, loaded up with paper. There will be a smash-up of this type of company some day—a big smash-up.